Frontier Times

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A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO FRONTIER HISTORY, BORDER TRAGEDY, AND PIONEER ACHIEVEMENT

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THIS NUMBER CONTAINS:

"Humpy" Jackson Wreaks Vengeance . . . Page 1
Rev. Z. N. Morrill Tells of Woll's Invasion . Page 8
Colonists of Navarro and Denton Counties . Page 14
Mexicans, Disguised as Indians, Executed . Page 16
Interesting Life Story of An Early Texan . Page 18
Reminiscences of a Texas Ranger . . . . Page 20
Dragoo Tells of Capture of Cynthia Ann Parker Page 25
Made Saddle Strings of an Indian's Hide . . Page 28
Pat Garrett Was a Noted Peace Officer . . Page 30
James R. Moss, Pioneer Llano Citizen . . Page 31

Frontier Times solicits reminiscence sketches of pioneer citizens, historical data, newspaper clippings of early day events, accounts battles and tragedies, books and pamphlets containing data bearing on the history of Texas. We have a wonderful collection of this kind of material but want more, and will greatly appreciate contributions of this character. No fiction or love stories wanted.

Published Monthly at Bandera, Texas, by J. Marvin Hunter

NOTICE!

The inside covers of the first three issues of the original Hunter's FRONTIER TIMES were unused—which affords us a chance to welcome our Charter Subscribers and to explain a few matters of importance about the facsimiles.

One, Western Publications has only *one* complete set of the old FRONTIER TIMES and it is from this set that your facsimile copies are being reproduced. Over the years we have tried to complete a second set (just in case something happened to the first) but so far we have been unsuccessful. We still lack Vol. I, Nos. 1 and 3; Vol. II, Nos. 1, 2, 4 and 6. If any of you have extra copies of these issues and would like to sell or trade them, please let us know. On the other hand, and of possible benefit to you, in trying to complete our second set we have had to purchase many copies we did *not* need in order to get one or two issues that we could use. (Most offers were on an all-or-nothing basis.) We therefore invite any reader who's trying to complete his set of originals to let us know what issues he needs and we'll check to see if we have them among our duplicates. These are not "mint" but are in good condition.

For those of you who are not trying to fill out a collection but would just like to own an original or two, we will fill those orders also, on a first-come, first-served basis. In some cases we have only three or four copies; in others, we might have a dozen or more. Please address any correspondence concerning *original* copies to the attention of Susan Washburn at this office.

The price for a *specific* issue will be $3.00 postpaid; the price for an issue of our own selection (that is, you leave it up to us to send what's available) will be $2.50 postpaid.

Which brings up the second matter of importance: please don't forget that our address is Hunter's FRONTIER TIMES, P. O. Box 3338, Austin, Texas 78764. We're afraid that some of you may forget and use the old address at Bandera—and maybe try to write some of the advertisers! The addresses in this magazine you are holding are no longer valid—and unfortunately neither are the prices! You will note the prices Mr. Hunter charged in the beginning. What with our publishing on more expensive paper, mailing in envelopes, and the ungodly increase in costs on *everything*, we wonder if we will come out even as well as he did. Oh, to have those good old 1923 nickels and dimes back again!

The first four issues are 32 pages and cover. After the fourth issue, Mr. Hunter went to 48 pages and cover, so the magazine will be thicker starting with the fifth issue.

Please turn to the inside back cover for instructions about Christmas or other gift subscriptions for your families and friends. We will take these subscriptions as late as December, and all orders will begin with Volume 1, Number 1.

We have received a wonderful response to our reprinting these old issues which truly witnessed the end of an era in our country's history. Nothing in them will be changed or deleted—so once more, just until you have time to get used to it—don't forget that if you need to write us, the correct address is *Hunter's FRONTIER TIMES, P. O. Box 3338, Austin, Texas 78764.*—Joe "Hosstail" Small

FRONTIER TIMES

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT BANDERA, TEXAS

Devoted to Frontier History, Border Tragedy and Pioneer Achievement

Vol. 1—No. 3 DECEMBER, 1923 $1.50 Per Year

"Humpy" Jackson Wreaks Vengeance.

By John Warren Hunter.

John Jackson settled on the San Saba river below the ruins of the old Spanish Mission before the war, and engaged in stock raising. He was one of the few who during the long years of the struggle between the northern and southern armies, who alone and unaided defended their homes against the incursions of Apaches and Comanches, whose raids extended at that period as far south as Kerrville and Boerne, and as a consequence these pioneers, on many occasions were brought into direct conflict with these savages.

After the close of the war, Fort McKavett was rebuilt and garrisoned by several companies of negro troops, General McKenzie being in command.

In order to procure lumber and shingles, needed in the construction of the quarters for officers and men, a sawmill was operated by the government on the river near Menardville where timber was plentiful and the laboring force at this saw mill was mostly negro soldiers detailed for duty as operatives. At the time of which I write, a small school of fifteen or twenty pupils was being taught in Menardville and Mr. Jackson's children were attending this institution of learning. Among those Jackson children, was a daughter some 12 or 15 years old and whose fine personal appearance attracted the notice of a ginger-cake colored sergeant who was staying around the sawmill part of the time and loafing round the village when not on duty.

One evening on her return from school the young lady went by the little post office and received a letter, which, with girlish simplicity, she took home and like a dutiful daughter she handed it over to her mother. It proved to be from the negro sergeant and was full to overflowing with protestations of his undying love and devotion; that he was ready to fly with her, and that her voice was the sweetest music he had ever heard. Mr. Jackson was sitting in the shade of a tree in his yard, quietly resting from the toil of the day, when the children came from school and when the mother read the negro's letter to him, he rose up with the remark: "And by the eternal I've got a gun that makes music too," and seizing his long-range buffalo gun he strode in the direction of the negro's camp, which was but a short distance. Every instinct of evil seems to have been aroused in the old man's nature and when he approached the camp, the first negro he saw became the target for his trusty old gun. This negro was sitting on the ground leaning back against a tree, taking his evening rest and was an innocent victim, but it mattered not to the infuriated father; a negro was a negro, and all looked alike to him, and with steady arm and unerring aim, he sent the leaden missle of death on its destructive errand, and the negro rolled over a corpse.

From that date and for some years, there was no more peace and quietude for Mr. Jackson. The negro soldiers swarmed from McKavett and pursued his trail with relentless activity. Knowing the country, the hills, mountains, brakes canyons and valleys so well, he avoided capture for a season, but an evil day came upon him and for the time being his good fortune deserted him.

A squad of cavalry, superbly mounted, got a glimpse of him one evening as he sped across the valley not far from Pegleg several miles below the Jackson home. Immediate pursuit was taken and being better mounted the pursuers were gaining rapidly, when, in his headlong flight and while passing under the low spreading branches of a live oak and coming in contact with one of the limbs of the tree, Mr. Jackson was knocked from his saddle and fell to the ground. His exultant captors gathered round and pronounced him dead, but he soon revived to find himself a captive in the hands of an infuriated soldiery. Fortunately for him, a white officer was in

command, and at the captive's request he was conveyed in apparently great pain, to his home.

Mr. Jackson was 'hump-shouldered' —exceedingly so—and he told the officer that his back was broken by the fall and that he couldn't possibly live many hours and begged that instead of being taken directly to Fort McKavett —some 25 or 30 miles—that he be allowed to die in peace at home.

As before stated, he was carried to his home, a detail of three negro soldiers left to guard him,, and the squad set out on their return to McKavett with the intention of sending an ambulance with the post surgeon for him on the following day, and having him removed to McKavett, if alive.

From the earliest days of its history Menardville has been noted for its balls, it being said that when a stranger or wayfarer goes to Menardville, those hospitable, pleasure-loving people give a grand ball in his honor, and when he gets ready to leave, a farewell ball is given; if he remains and gets married a great ball celebrates the event, and if he dies, a most elaborate dress ball is gotten up, at which everybody, old and young, takes a turn at dancing at the great function.

The night following Mr. Jackson's capture, there was a ball in Menardville. On his way to join in the festivities, Peter Robertson met the returning calvacade of negro soldiers and was informed of the capture by the white officer, and also that three negro soldiers were guarding Mr. Jackson at his house, and that if alive the next day he would be removed to Fort McKavett.

Every man, boy, woman and child in that valley was a friend to "Humpy" Jackson; the man whose sleepless vigils, strong arm and courageous soul had stood as a flaming sword between them and the savage during past years and when it became known that he was sorely stricken and a captive—guarded in his own home by negro soldiers—their indignation amounted to frenzy.

When Peter Robertson arrived at the cabin where the dance was in progress, he took one man aside and told him the news, but cautioned him to keep quiet. Another was called from the ball room, and he also, was informed of the capture. Then another was called from the ball room until there were none left of the male sex except the fiddler and he wondered if another Indian raid was approaching. Among these hardy men deliberate counsel was had. At McKavett, 22 miles distant, was stationed a regiment of negro soldiers, already exasperated by the killing of one of their comrades, and the sacrifice of another might arouse their brutal spirit of revenge to that degree in which they would throw off all restraint, defy their officers and wreak a horrible vengeance upon the helpless people of Menardville. On the other hand, there was their friend, neighbor, counselor, protector and defender, a captive in the hands of those negroes and if taken to McKavett there could be no hope of his escape from death, by assassination or otherwise.

Mr. Jackson should never go as a prisoner to Fort McKavett!

As an act of prudence, it was decided that only three men assume the task of liberating the captive, George Harvey, Pete Crane, and Steve Caveness agreed to do the work, while the others remained at the ball, or at home, taking care that evidence of their whereabouts on that particular night might be available in case they should at any time in the future want to prove an alibi.

There were renewed sounds of revelry in Menardville that memorable night. The fiddler "rosined the bow" and redoubled his energies in his efforts to produce the succession of pleasing sounds from a wheezy fiddle, and there was an unusual springiness about the movements of the boys who nimbly capered through the square dance, when the knight of "the fiddle and the bow" struck up "Run, Nigger, Run, the Patrol Will Catch You,' and the morning sun lit up the glad hills of Summerland before the dancers went home. The night was cold, the temperature being slightly above the freezing point. The family had retired, but not to sleep. Slumber found no place in that frontierman's cabin, while a negro sentinel kept watch over the pioneer inmates.

In the yard and near the doorway, a log fire had been built and on the ground before which slept two of the guardsmen, while a third paced the sentinel's beat in front of the cabin, only a few feet away. Suddenly a shot rang out, followed by a wild yell that might have been heard above the din of revelry in town. The sentinel fell a corpse on his beat. The two sleeping soldiers sprang

up with their guns in hand, but before they could discharge their pieces they both fell before the unerring aim of the assailants. A shot struck the breach of the gun held by one of those negroes, glanced and left him unscathed. He fell as if slain and remained quiet until after the assaulting party, who, supposing him to be dead, went into the house. He was so near the doorway to the cabin that he durst not rise to his feet to walk away. It was only a few steps to the river bank, which was very steep, and the water beneath was deep. The negro rolled over towards this bank and finally rolled into the stream, but those within the cabin failed hear the splash, and the negro escaped and late the night following reached Fort McKavett.

When the morning's sun arose, Mr. Jackson was far away in the direction of Llano county, where, for a season, he found asylum among friends.

His rescuers remained in the neighborhood of Menardville until they could secure mounts that would enable them to leave the country. One of them—I believe it was Crane—went to George Kemp for assistance. The old pioneer did not send him away empty, but furnished him the cash—$75—with which to procure a good horse. Caveness owned, at the time, a bunch of cattle on Bear Creek, and while endeavoring to dispose of his stock, was overtaken by a squad of soldiers under Lieutenant Bullis, and killed. Crane and Harvey safely made their way to New Mexico.

The morning following the tragedy, the post surgeon from McKavett passed through Menardville on his way to the Jackson home, where he expected to treat a patient suffering from the effects of a broken back. Seeing Peter Robertson on the little street, he hailed him and asked if he had heard the news. Receiving a negative answer the doctor proceeded to inform Peter of the previous day's happenings, and that he was then en route to see the prisoner and if able to travel, he would be along in a short time on his way to the post.

Mr. Robertson expressed some astonishment on hearing the "news," but kept his own counsel and said little.

In less than an hour the surgeon came back at full speed and again seeing Robertson on the street, paused long enough to tell him of the "horrible murder" that had been committed and the escape of Jackson. The doctor hurried on towards McKavett and Mr. Robertson hastened to attend strictly to his own affairs.

That afternoon a company of negro soldiers, led by a white officer dashed through the quiet little village of Menardville, then a hamlet of only six or eight families. in their mad rush for the Jackson home.

The bodies of the dead soldiers were removed, Mrs. Jackson and her children were placed under guard outside the yard and were not allowed to remove clothing or anything else from the building, which, in their presence, was set on fire and burned to the groud. Mr. Jackson was a provident man and his cribs were full of corn and his smokehouse contained a year's supply of lard and bacon. All these shared the same fate as that of the dwelling, and after witnessing the complete destruction of her once happy home and all it contained, she and her little children were thrust into a government ambulance, taken to McKavett and thrown into a cold and dankish guard house! And all this, too by officials whose color was a shade whiter than the untutored private soldiers they commanded, and men who claimed to be Americans, sent by a beneficent government to protect these people against the Apache and Comanche, whose cruelty would become as tender mercies when compared to these baostful warriors who could so unblushingly disgrace the uniform of a United States soldier.

A number of citizens about Menardville were arrested, charged with the offence of killing those negro soldiers. These men were also confined for a long period in the military prison at McKavett.

When Mr. Jackson heard of the destruction of his home and the imprisonment of his family, the brave old pioneer's feelings can better be imagined than described. His rage knew no bounds and his first impulse was to rally to his aid a body of frontiersmen from Llano, Mason and Menard, storm Fort McKavett, put officers and men to the sword and leave the place a heap of smoking ruins, but wiser counsel prevailed and he had to content himself by sending General McKenzie a message to the effect that if either his wife or children suffered any indignation at his hands, he (Jackson) would spend the remainder of his life seeking revenge.

When Mr. Jackson had recovered from his fall when captured, sufficiently to take the saddle, he returned to Menard and made no effort to conceal the fact that he was "foot-loose on the range." General McKenzie was exceedingly anxious to effect his capture and had offered a large reward for his apprehension, but in those heroic days there was none in all the borders of that land so base as to betray a friend for any sum of perishable gold. Every horse that grazed in those valleys or along the hillsides was at his service for the asking; a frontiersman's welcome awaited him at every cabin door in that region; food, shelter, raiment and ammunition were at his command, and with his kowledge of the highways and byways of the country, he bade defiance to General McKenzie and his Senegambian cohorts. I have been told that during this period when the country was being scoured by negro troops in search of old 'Humpy' that he would conceal himself on one of the many peaks overlooking the road along which those dusky scouts had to pass, and before they got by, his long-range gun "went off" and another negro had to be buried. It is even asserted that the road from McKavett to Menardville is dotted with negro graves, victims of hs terrible vengeance, but, of course, this boast on the part of his friends is an exaggeration, and I doubt his ever having killed more that one or two from ambush, but be that as it may this desultory warfare was continued until the organization of Menard county and the civil authorites took precedence over the military. District court convened—the first ever held in the new county—the grand jury investigated the charges against Jackson, and refused to indict. His family had been liberated after a short confinement in the guard house, and Mr. Jackson went forth a free man.

When persecution ceased and quietude was restored, Mr. Jackson, set about to rebuild his old home, but old age was coming on apace and he never recovered from the shock that deprived him of his former possessions and sent him abroad, a fugitive in his own country.

"I expected a world of trouble to come upon our people on account of the killing of those negro soldiers," said Mr. Robertson, while relating to the writer his subsequent experience with the military authorities at Ft. McKavett. "I have always tried to live peaceable with my neighbors, and knowing the feeling prevalent among the federal officers against Confederate soldiers like myself, I had avoided making an open demonstration by word or deed in the matter of Mr. Jackson's release.

"A day or two before the killing occurred, I had received a letter from my father, who with my mother was on the road, moving, in a little ox-wagon from Georgia to Menard county, and in this letter he asked me to meet him on a certain day at Salado, in Bell county. I had made all preparations for the trip and the day after the killing, and a few hours after the post surgeon had passed me on his hasty return to the post, I mounted my horse and struck out for Salado. Some distance out from Menardville that evening, having reached the crest of a high elevation overlooking the San Saba valley, I saw a great smoke ascending, and drew the conclusion that it was Jim Jackson burning brush in his new ground field. Jim Jackson was a son of the elder Jackson, and lived near his father. I learned later that this was smoke from the burning buildings of the Jackson home.

"I went by the way of Llano and Burnet and in due time met my father and mother with their little ox wagon in the road this side of Salado. I came back with them, and although our travel was slow, we finally reached Menard county. When within eight miles of Pegleg which is some twelve miles below Menardville, I left the wagon and rode on ahead to Milam Taylor's. Mr. Taylor living at that time at Pegleg. I had not heard from home during my absence and was anxious to hear all the news. When I rode up to the ranch house, Milam Taylor came out and when asked the news, he said 'News? Yes there is lots of news, Pete, and you'd better be making tracks. General McKenzie wants you, and he wants you bad, and they're going to kill you on sight and burn your house, just like they burned old "Hump" Jackson's. They're guarding your house day and night, expecting you to show up almost anytime, and the way the matter stands, you want to make yourself mighty scarce.'

"I was indeed surprised to hear such startling news. I had no grounds to doubt the facts as stated, as I knew Mr. Taylor to be a firm friend and truthful

man. I told him I would have to see further about the matter, and that I would go on up in the settlement and do a little investigating on my own hook.

"From Pegleg I went to the Mose Taylor ranch, at the Ten Mile crossing below Menardville. There I saw old Grandma Taylor, and she gave me further and more explicit particulars of the happenings during my absence and confirmed all that Milam Taylor had told me about General McKenzie's threats and the guarding of my house, and she warned me not to try to go home; that if I made the attempt I would either be killed or captured.

"From the Mose Taylor ranch, I went that night to Pat Coglan's ranch above Menardville. I had no particular business with Pat; I had my doubts about him and was a little afraid that he might betray me. But I knew Mrs. Coglan was true as steel, and that she was in a position to know if General McKenzie had threatened my life, etc., and that she would tell me all if she only had an opportunity.

"It was 10 o'clock when I got to Coglan's and they were all abed and asleep. It was very cold and when Mr. Coglan came to the door, I told him who I was and that I wanted to see Mrs. Coglan, and to ask her to come out to the gate. Mrs. Coglan hastily rose, dressed and came out to the gate and gave me the desired information, after which I started to Ace Ellis', he at that time living on the Las Moras, above Menardville.

"Along about this time my reflections were by no means pleasant. Without having violated any law, whatever, I found myself a hunted being, branded as an outlaw, and a price fixed upon my head, and all this, too, in my own country and among my own people. I did not care for the threats against my life; I did not fear General McKenzie and his negro troops, and when it should come to a showdown, I would mix things with them, but when it came to burning my house, things began to look mighty serious. That house was my home. I had built it for a home and shelter for my wife and my little children, and I did not propose to submit to such a high-handed outrage.

"I quickly decided on my course of future action. I had heard that in Mexico the climate is very healthy and although by no means a sick man I drew the conclusion that I might enjoy better health for a season over there than I would have in the San Saba valley. So far, I had done nothing to hasten my departure for the south bank of the Rio Grande, but, now, if I had to go, I would see that it should not be said that I did not do anything to cause me to leave the country, and the matter should reach a conclusion before the sun reached the noon mark of the next day.

"When I reached Mr. Ellis' place I called him up and told him I wanted some money and the best horse he had. He asked me what I was going to do. I told him that I had a thought of visiting Old Mexico for awhile and making the acquaintance of the people over there, but before leaving I intended to go to Fort McKavett and have a little talk with General McKenzie. Ace said: 'Pete, you are crazy; you are a d—n fool to talk that way. If you go to McKenzie you'll never get off alive. If you are going to Mexico, go on, and don't dare to go to McKenzie.'

"I told him there was no use talking; that I had to see General McKenzie, the man who had placed nigger soldiers to watch my house and had threatened my life and the burning of my house—I had to see the gentleman and have a little talk with him before I hit the road for Mexico.

'Well,' said Ace, 'if nothing will do you but to go to McKavett, I'll go with you.'

"No, said I, 'You are not going with me. I propose to go alone. I don't want you to get into touble, nor do I want any witnesses to what may happen. You can't go. I am fully able to take care of myself.

"It was 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning when I started from Ace Ellis'. I bestrode a splendid horse and had all the expense money I had asked for. I carried a fine revolver at my belt and a good Winchester was swung to my saddle. It was quite cold, but an army overcoat with long cape, kept me comfortable. It was near daylight when I reached the vicinity of Fort McKavett, and, dismounting on an eminence, from which I could see what was going on in the post when it became sufficiently light, and tying my horse to a small liveoak, I waited developments. From this vantage ground I saw the morning assembly on the parade ground; saw the guards mounted after roll call. While

waiting, however, for all this to come to pass, I was so cold that I had to jump, frisk and caper around to keep warm; but now the hour for bold, quick action had come, and I had not a moment to lose. I mounted, rode at almost full speed into the post, right past the barracks and up in front of the general's headquarters, where I dismounted, tied my horse to a tree, and leaving my Winchester on my saddle, I strode forward a few steps and knocked on General McKenzie's door.

"A big negro, a porter or orderly, I supposed, opened the door and I stepped inside, deftly closing the door as I entered.

"Where is General McKenzie?" I demanded.

"'Right in dah, sah, right in dat li'l room on yo' right, sah."

"The door of this little room stood partly open and when I stepped in I found myself face to face with General McKenzie, although he was sitting at a small table. I said: 'General, I suppose you know who I am. If you don't know me, I come to tell you that I am Pete Robertson, the man that you and your niggers have been hunting for.'

"Why, howdy do, Mr. Robertson,' and he got up and extended his hand. I shook hands with him, giving him my left hand instead of my right. I still had on my army overcoat, the capes of which concealed my pistol.

"After shaking hands, he resumed his seat and pointing to a chair, asked me to have a seat. I said: 'No, general I have no time to sit around. I'm here on particular business, and it won't take me long to get through with it.' Then approaching within a few feet of him, and looking him square in the eye, I continued: 'I am informed, sir, that you have said that you are going to have me killed and after that you are going to burn my wife and children's home, and I want to know if you said it, sir.'

"I don't pretend to say that General McKenzie was not a brave man when in open field, at the head of his soldiers, but on this occasion I saw his hands and knees tremble and his voice betrayed his fright. Possible, it was because he was a prisoner, as it were, in his own quarters, and while not 100 yards away there were hundreds of soldiers, ready to rush to his side at his beck and call, yet he knew that any movement to that effect on his part might be fatal, and for once, at least, in his military career he decided that discretion was the better part of valor.

"With husky voice, he replied by saying: 'Mr. Robertson, I never said it. I never threatened you anyway I—,' Shaking my lefthand finger within three inches of his nose, at the same time leaning forward and nearly over him, I said: 'Don't you deny it sir; don't you deny it. I have it on the very best authority, and, moreover, your men have orders to take me dead or alive, and your nigger soldiers are this very moment guarding my house. Now, sir, you say you never made these threats and I want to see whether you mean it. If, as you say, you had nothing against me I want you to countermand those orders, and I want those nigger soldiers ordered away from my house. I had nothing to do with that Jackson scrape. Jackson was my friend and neighbor, and if I had been in his place, and it had been my daughter who received the offensive letter, I would have done just as he did, but as to all that trouble, I kept out of it, and because I left just when I did and went to meet my old father and mother at Salado, you jumped at the conclusion that I was one of the men who killed the guards and turned old man Jackson loose. But I am here to answer for myself. You were expecting me, were you, general.?'

"With a suavity of manner one would not expect of a man inured to war and tragedy, he would have me sit down. He wanted to explain and tell me how it all came about. He had nothing against me and was satisfied the matter had been misrepresented to him, and that not a hair of my head should be harmed. He was very busy then—he had an engagement—but would ask that I come back on the following day at 9 o'clock and everything would be fixed up satisfactorily and wound up by asking me if I would be there at the hour named. 'Yes, sir,' said I, 'I will be here if you don't put those infernal niggers after me.'

" 'I give you my word of honor that yon shall not be molested,' was his quick reply. You can go where ever you please, here in the post or elsewhere and you will not be bothered by any of my troops.'

" 'All right, general, I will take you at your word, but there must be no monkey business in this matter. I'll be

here tomorrow morning at 9 o'clock,' and rising to leave, the general handed out a box of cigars, and as I left that room after his giving me a hearty handshake, I was smoking as fine a Havana cigar as a man ever put to his lips.

"I had been in the saddle nearly all the night preceding this interview, and was qute sleepy. I mounted my horse and rode over to Mrs. Grider's. This lady was a good friend to me and my family, and at that time was keeping a boarding house in McKavett. She had my horse taken to the stables and well cared for, and provided for me a. nice bed, which I at once occupied, telling her not to call me at the dinner hour, as I wanted to sleep.

"It was late in the evening when I awoke. After supper a number of young people gathered and several old friends called to see me. At a late hour certain parties were observed on the outside and their presence gave rise to a suspicion that all was not as it should be and I was even invited on some pretext or other, I have forgotten what, to step out, but I declined the invitation, preferring to remain on the safe side.

"The next morning, promptly at 9 o'clock I walked into General McKenzie's office, and no man could have been more cordially received. The general was in his happiest mood. He set out the glasses and opened a bottle of champagne, after which he produced that box of Havanas. We talked over matters in a friendly gentlemanly way, and he told me that upon close inquiry he found that there was nothing against me and that he was sorry that I had been reported in a false light. He wanted me to go in peace, and so long as I violated no law, I would be safe and should have his protection.

When I took my leave I told him I wanted to see Mrs. Jackson and others of my neighbors who were being held prisoners and he readily granted my request, and with a cordial handshake, we parted, apparently the best of friends. Just why he asked me to call that morning,when the matter could have been arranged as easily the morning before, I never could learn, although I had my own surmises.

From the general's headquarters I went to the guard house, where I found Mrs. Jackson and her children, Billy Epps, Mr. Tomerson, Bill Tipton ,Tull Smith, the latter being a young man who before that had worked for me and had been severely bitten by a wolf. We were in camp one night and while he was asleep, the wolf came prowling around and approaching his pallet, seized his hand and mangled it badly before the fellow could get loose. He said he could have shot the wolf, but was afraid Indians might hear the gun and hurt him worse than the wolf.

"I told these men to keep their mouths shut: that General Mckenzie had no evidence whatever against them and that if they did not talk too much, they would soon be liberated.

"I found Mrs. Jackson and her children destitute of everything but food. This latter, through the kindness of friends, was furnished three times a day from Mrs. Griders table and carried to the guardhouse. When I saw her needy condition I told her to send Henrietta, now Mrs. Harkey, who at present resides near Knickerbocker, to the suttler's store in the post, and I would try to relieve their necessities. The girl seemed to have had the privilege of going in and out of the guard house at will, and when she came to the suttler's I bought and paid for $80 worth of goods for Mrs. Jackson and her children. While doing this trading the suttler's clerk clipped in ten dollars towards buying supplies for the lady. General McKenzie came in and set up the cigars and champagne for the crowd that was present.

"In closing this narrative, I want to say that General McKenzie kept his word, and in various ways showed his friendship. Just before leaving McKavett he told me he wanted to borrow a brace of fine greyhounds I owned. I told him he was welcome to their use and could get them at any time. A few days later he came to my house, stayed all night and was treated with that hospitality that all old Texans extended in those days. I let him have my dogs and he kept them quite awhile at McKavett. Later he took them to Fort Concho, and while chasing antelope on the Lipan Flat on a hot day, one of the hounds died from overheat. The general was greatly worried over. the loss of the dog and came to see me and offered to pay me for the animal, but I refused to accept the offered pay."

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Rev. Z. N. Morrell Tells of Woll's Invasion in 1842.

From Flowers and Fruits from the Wilderness.

On September the 11th, 1842, a Mexican force, under General Adrian Woll, about 1300 strong, captured the city of San Antonio, making hostile demonstrations toward other points farther east. We gathered what amunition we could at Gonzales, and left for Seguin, with instructions that recruits coming from the east should follow our trail. At Seguin I obtained ten ears of corn, had it parched and ground, and mixed with it two pounds of sugar. This we called cold flour, Recruits were coming in all night, and on Tuesday morning we marched to within twenty miles of San Antonio. Colonel Caldwell was in command by common consent. A call was made for ten of the best horses and lightest riders, to go and meet Jack Hays that night on the Salado. He had notified us by express that he was there watching the enemy and needed reinforcements. The number called for was soon obtained, the writer among them, on his fine, untrained, borrowed horse. A charge, with some instructions was given us, and a short while before day we arrived at the spot where we were ordered to go. A keen whistle was given, and readily responded to by Hays. Wednesday morning came and found us thirteen strong, with nothing but cold flour to eat, and a limited supply of that. Our ration consisted of a spoonful for each, mixed with a little water. A detail was made to stay at camp, another to go down on the east side of San Antonio river, and go entirely round to the rear of the city, to ascertain if any reinforcements were coming in from Mexico. Hays was discovered during the day and driven back, making no discovery himself as to reinforcements. Thursday morning came and with only a spoonful of cold flour each, another effort was made to get the number and intention of the enemy. Caldwell still remained at his camp twenty miles east of the city. expecting the Mexicans to march on Gonzales. Hays was repulsed, as on the day before, and failed to get in the enemy's rear. The writer and a part or the company went down the Salado, and discovered what we supposed to be the trail of two or three hundred cavalry, going in the direction of Gonzales. On our return we met Hays with his company, driving in some horses. Very soon about forty Mexicans made their appearance in pursuit. We retreated until they were drawn from the timber, when, under the order of our gallant leader, we wheeled, and forty Mexicans failed to stand the charge of thirteen Texans. No damage that we knew of was done to either party.

Friday morning, a mutiny rose in our little camp, in consequence of the condition of our commissary department. Plenty of deer and turkeys were in sight all the time, and we were all huntsmen; but our leader thought it best to fire no guns and keep our position consealed from the enemy. From Monday until Friday, on a little cold flour, measured out by the spoonful, made us feel very lean; and now that the flour was all out, our men began to swear vengeance on the game at all hazards. Captain Hays insisted that I should make them a speech. I remembered the old saying, "Never try to influence a man against his inclinaton when he is hungry," but as my captain insisted, and I was under orders, I determined to try. To have approached these men with a long face, and taxed their patience with a long speech on patriotism, would have been sheer nonsense. So I mounted my horse and rode out in front, with as cheerful a face as I could command, and spoke as follows:

"Boys, when I left Colonel Caldwell's camp, I felt like I was forty years old. When I starved a day, I felt like I was thirty-five. After that, on two spoonfuls a day, I felt like I was twenty-five; and this morning when our cold flour and coffee are both out, I feel like I was only twenty-one, and ready for action. Our situation is critical; the Mexicans, we fear have gone towards Gonzales; secrecy surely is the best policy, and we ought to report the situation, if possible, to Colonel Caldwell tonight."

An agreement was soon entered into that we get information, report that evening, and kill some game for supper. In a few minutes we were off, and soon met Henry McCulloch with thirteen men swelling our number to twenty-seven. Here we learned that Caldwell had discovered the enemy's trail below, and that the Mexican cavalry had retreated

back to the city. The families on the Guadalupe were safe for the evening. Here was fresh beef hanging to the saddles of McCulloch's party. The company was organized on the spot, with Jack Hays captain, and Henry McCulloch lieutenant, and the young captain, with his first command, led us to the nearest water. We refreshed ourselves with this delicious beef and a good night's rest, our camp being within five miles of the city.

Before day Saturday morning, Captain Hays detailed three men, and myself as the fourth, to go in sight of the city before daylight. He took three men with him, and made the third attempt to go round the city, and was successful, bringing off a Mexican spy with him as a prisoner. Lieutenant McCulloch watched both roads leading to Seguin and Gonzales.

My associates and I remained secreted near the old powder-house and before the sun mounted very high in the heavens, a Mexican came out to get a yoke of oxen feeding near us. As soon as it was at all prudent we captured him and his pony, within six hundred yards of the fort and in plain view. We could see the Mexican cavalry hastily saddling their horses as we passed out of sight with our prisoner. We rode about twenty miles in two hours and reported to Colonel Caldwell

The poor Mexican felt confident we intended to kill him, and on arriving in camp he recognized John W. Smith, and commenced to begging for his life. He was soon pacified with the assurance that he was in no danger, if he would tell us the truth. Hays and McCulloch had both preceded us to camp and as some anxiety was felt for our safety we were welcomed with many cheers. The two captured Mexicans told the same story. With these statements coming from the front and rear of the city. Saturday morning, at ten o'clock, revealed to Caldwell and his men the strength of the enemy. General Woll, crossed the Rio Grande with 1300 men and picked up afterwards three hundred 'Greasers' and Indians. Our entire force, ordered into line, numbered 202 men; General Woll's Mexican force was 1600.

Saturday night we marched to the Salado, and camped near mid-night within six miles of San Antonio. Here we had much the advantage in the ground if attacked, and during the night a council of war was held. The council decided that it would not be prudent to attack the enemy in his fortifications; but if he could be decoyed out to our own chosen ground, we could tie our horses back in the timber, out of range of his guns, and from behind the natural embankment make a successful battle, although the enemy numbered eight to our one.

Sunday morning about sunris Captain Hays and Lieutenant McCulloch were placed in charge of thirty-eight men to approach San Antonio and lead the enemy out. Out of two hundred and two horses only thirty-eight were found, by a committee to examine them, fit for the expedition. My untrained, borrowed horse and his rider was selected to go on the trip. We reached a point half a mile from the old powder-house, and about a mile from the city, between nine and ten o'clock, Sunday morning. This was about the hour that I had for so many years been accustomed to repair to the house of God, and my position in such striking contrast gave me some anxiety. Captain Hays and Lieutenant McCulloch, attended by six men left us with orders to be ready for any emergency.. They went down close to the Alamo, and bantered the enemy for a fight; supposing that forty or fifty men would be sent out, whom our captain intended to engage in battle. Contrary to his expectations, four or five hundred turned out in hot pursuit. Hays soon dashed up commanding, "Mount!" We moved off briskly through the chaparal and as the Mexicans went round an open way, we were about half a mile ahead when we reached the prairie. They had about fifty American horses in fine condition, captured from the citizens and members of the court, and our horses were considerably worn with the labor of the past seven days. During the first four miles we kept out of their reach without much difficulty. Two miles lay stretched between us and our camp, and soon Lieutenant McCulloch, in charge of the rear guard, pressed close on our heels. Hats, blankets, and overcoats were scattered along our track. No time then to pick up anything. The race was an earnest one; the Mexicans toward the last, began to fire at our rear guard, but doing no damage. We reached camp and when formed into line every man was present, unhurt.

The cavalry that had pursued us passed around to our rear on the prairie. About a half hour intervened, during which time we refreshed ourselves and horses. Captain Jack Hays, our intrepid leader, five feet ten inches high, weighing 160 pounds, his black eyes flashing decision of character, from beneath a full forehead, and crowned with beautiful jet black hair, was soon mounted on his dark bay warhorse and on the warpath. Under our chosen leader we sallied out and skirmished with the enemy at longe range, killing a number of Mexicans and getting two of our men severely wounded. In a short time they retired.

Between two and three o'clock in the evening, General Woll appeared with his infantry, cavalry and artillery spread out on the prairie in our rear, and between us and our homes. As we stood in line under the brow of the hill, the brave Caldwell informed us that he could never surrender to General Woll; that he had just returned from the Santa Fe expedition, and that it would be certain death to be taken in arms the second time. He urged us to make up our minds to fight it out, and even if it required a hand to hand combat, the white flag would not be raised.. Closing this earnest address, he invited me to make a speech to the men. As well as my memory serves me I spoke as follows:

"Gentlemen:—We are now going into battle against fearful odds—eight to one—and with the artillery all on the enemy's side. The artillery can't harm us under this bank. We have nothing to fear as long as we can prevent them from coming to a hand to hand fight. Keep cool; let us not fire as they advvance upon us until we can see the whites of their eyes; and be sure to shoot every man that has an officer's hat or sword This will prevent them from coming into close quarters. Let us shoot low, and my impression before God is, we shall win this fight."

Just at this time the cannonade began and the grape shot struck the tops of the trees. The Mexicans now advanced upon us, under a splendid blare of music, their ornaments, guns, lances and swords glistening in full view. Captain Hays' attention was directed as they drew near, to the fact that they were aiming to flank us above and pour a raking fire down our line from that quarter. Accordingly, ten men with double barrel shotguns, were detached and stationed above to prevent it. Some of the Mexican infantry were within thirty feet of us before a gun was fired. At the first fire the whole of them fell to the ground. My first impression was that they were all killed. Soon, however, all that were able, rose to their feet, but showed no disposition to advance further upon our line. Not a sword nor officer's hat made its appearance after we had been fighting five minutes. The ground upon which we stood was of such a character that we could step back two or three paces and stand straight up to load our guns.

The battle did not last long. General Woll was at his cannon on the top of the hill, looking on; his artillery was of no use, being right in the rear of his infantry, and our men were scattered behind the embankment. He could see his men falling while the Texans were entirely out of sight. The horn sounded a retreat and the Mexicans ran away in great confusion. It was with great difficulty that the Texans were prevented from pursuing.

As the firing ceased along our line, the roar of artillery and small arms was heard in the rear of the Mexican army. We understood at once that the engagement was with reinforcements making their way to us. By the time we were up and in order to go to their assistance the firing ceased, and we knew that the Mexicans were successful.

Captain Dawson from Lagrange, on receipt of Colonel Caldwell's dispatch, raised a company of fifty-two men, including himself, and came up in time to hear our guns in the fight just described. The Mexicans being between us discovered him in the open field and surrounded him. He rallied his men in a grove of mesquite bushes and fought with such desperation that the Mexicans withdrew from the range of his rifles and turned the artillery upon him. As there was no chance to escape, and no chance to do the enemy damage, under the murderous fire of their guns, and for awhile the Mexicans disregarded the surrender, and continued to send the missiles of death. Captain Dawson was cut down with the flag in his hand. When the firing ceased, thirty-five Texans out of fifty-two lay dead on the fifield; fifteen were spared and held as prisoners; two made their escape. My eldest son was one of the prisoners. This little body of men punished the Mexicans severely,

during the engagement with small arms, before the artillery was turned upon them. General Woll reassembled his forces about one hour by sun, and standing on his cannon where it was first planted, in plain view and in our hearing, made a glowing speech to his men. The huzzas from the Mexican army were mournful in our ears. We believed then what we afterwards found to be true, that our friends and relatives from the Colorado were the sufferers. We could not reach him with our guns, and it would not do to expose ourselves on the open prairie. The Mexicans moved off towards San Antonio about sunset, and spent the night carrying in and burying their dead in the city. Caldwell lost only one man killed; no prisoners; three wounded.

The night was passed upon the battle ground—a dark, anxious night to me. I learned that my son, A. H. Morrell, was in the company defeated the evening before in our hearing. Was he dead? was he a prisoner in the hands of our cruel oppressors? were questions that revolved through my mind all night long. Three men volunteered to go with me to the "Mesquite battle ground," and at daylight we were in our saddles. My colonel and captain cautioned me to be careful, as the enemy would certainly keep our spies; but the time for caution and fear wth me had about passed. At sunrise we were on the fatal spot, examining carefully for the lost son, while two of my colleagues stood guard. Thirty-five dead bodies of friends lay scattered and terribly mangled among the little cluster of bushs on the broad prairie. I recognized the body of nearly every one. Here were twelve men, heads of families, their wives widows, and their children orphans; and here, too, lay dead the promising sons of my neighbors. The body of my son was not found. The place was so horrible that two of the men with me rode away; one remained on guard while I continued my examination. A number of the bodies were turned over before I could recognize them. One or two of my neighbor's sons were so badly mangled that I could not recognize them at all. Supposing that one of these might be my son, I examined their feet for a scar that he had carried from childhood. By this time I was satisfied he had escaped or was among the prisoners. I then drew a pencil from my pocket, and took down the names of the dead, so that I might make a correct report to the bereaved.

The unfortunate man (Jett), of Caldwell's command who was killed on Sunday was buried with the honors of war on Monday. His grave was dug with bowie-knives. During the fight, some Indians who came out wth the Mexican army approached his horse, tied carelessly some distance from the horses of our command, and he left his post, against the order of his captain, and attempted to save his horse. He killed three of the Indians in the combat, and finally they killed him, and carried off his horse. This all occured in plain view, but we were forbidden to go to his relief, as he had disobeyed orders.

Tuesday morning our little company of 202 had increased to 500. A messenger from San Antonio announced that the Mexicans had left for the west that morning, carrying the prisoners with them. The question of burying our dead, who fell under captain Dawson and with him, came up. We had neither ax nor hoe, and finally decided to pursue the retreating enemy, regain if possible the prisoners, and at some future day gather up the bones of our dead and bury them at Lagrange. This was afterwards done, and a monument placed over them.

Orders were given at once, and preparations made to pursue the retreating enemy. The Honorable Judge Hemphill accompanied me to San Antonio, to look after news of my boy, while the main army crossed the river above and went directly in pursuit of General Woll. We visited Mrs. Jakes and the English minister's wife, Mrs. Elliot, who had a list of the prisoner's names. My son, A. H. Morrell, was certainly among them. The Mexicans had robbed them of their cloth ing, and my son on his arrival in San Antonio was in shirt-sleves. Mrs. Elliot took a green blanket-coat off of her son, and put it on mine. This coat he afterwards said was the means of saving his life. My son was reported by these ladies as carrying a wound from a lance in the engagement, though not serious. After he surrendered two Mexicans pursued him, with lances. As a lance was hurled at him, he dodged it, but as it passed it glanced his left arm, near the shoulder. He only saved his life by running in this defenseless condition round the horse of the Mexican

Colonel, Corasco, who drew his sword and drove his pursuers from him. We procured some provisions, what powder and lead our horses could carry in safety and overtook Colonel Caldwell, camped on the Medina, some twenty-five miles from the city.

Wednesday evening, September 21, the Texas army came up with General Woll's rear-guard at the Hondo. Here a trap was laid for us. Our spies were out, right and left of the road in advance The rear-guard of the Mexicans was in the bottom in a bend of the creek, concealed. The Mexican General had offered $500 for the head of Captain Hays, and just at this time he came very near losing it. With all his vigilance he was surprised. Mr. Luckey, a noble man who was riding by his side, on a finer horse than Hays, was shot through the right breast, the ball coming out at the point of the right shoulder. His horse ran about a hundred yards and left his wounded rider on the ground. Captain Hayes requested me to go to his relief as he feared he was killed. Like all other severely wounded men, he at once cried for water. Judge Hemphill fortunately had some at hand, and it was given him. Luckey did not die as we feared he would, but survived his wound, and was afterwards a member of the Senate of the Republic.

By this time Colonel Caldwell had formed a line of battle, and as no one would volunter to take care of Luckey, a man was detailed. A fight was at hand and every man was aware of the fact and was ready for action. A call was made for volunteers to increase Captain Hays' company to one hundred men, for the purpose of charging the cannon planted in the road 400 yards in front. General Mayfield made a speech for volunteers, but not a man responded. He was a man of ability, and could make a good speech, but his was the "voice of a stranger." Colonel Caldwell knew his men, and knew that speehes were not so much in demand as example. He knew that my son was a prisoner in the enemy's lines before us, and that Z. N Morrell's soul was fired as it never had been before. My Colonel asked me to ride down the line and encourage the men to come out. I galloped to the lower end of the line with my old fur cap in my hand recognizing and being recognized by almost every man I passed. The feelings of the moment need no description. My dear boy was upon that hill, perhaps in irons, and unless that cannon was charged and silenced, the sad news must be borne to his mother, that our Allen was in chains in the Mexican dungeon. Halting in an elligible position, so as to be seen and heard by almost the entire command, I waved my fur cap and spoke as follows:

"Boys:—You have come out here from one to two hundred miles from home to hunt the elephant. He has been running from you for two days. We have got him in close quarters, just up on that hill. We want forty men to join Hays' company. With one hundred men we can successfully charge and take that cannon, and turn the grapeshot the other way. The old fellow can't hurl his missiles of death at us more than once or twice before we will stop his breath. Besides the prisoners—" and as I stood pointing my finger, voices were heard along the lines, "Come on boys, we will go with him." More than the number called for were soon in line ready for the charge.

We had the greatest confidence in our chosen leaders, Hays and Henry McCulloch. Both were cool and daring men, neither of whom I suppose was over 25 years of age. Captain Hays was by profession a surveyor. His great courage and deliberation were first discovered while engaged in his profession. Six surveying a short time previous, when men with Hays as their leader were out a body of Indians attacked them. The determined young surveyor, with compass in one hand and gun in the other, continued to take his observations, at the same time fire upon the Indians every time they drew near. The work continued until the line was finished. This incident had much to do in securing his first position as Captain.

Henry McCulloch had always been among the foremost to meet the enemy on former occasions, as cool and daring as our Captain and greatly endeared to his men by his uniform kindness and social qualities. He was not easily roused but when stirred was powerfully wrought upon, and had not the fear of mortal man before his eyes.

Under this leadership we faced that cannon, while receiving orders when to discharge our guns, and at what point to counter march, eagerly waiting the forward, command. At length the shrill

clear voice of our captain sounded down the line, "CHARGE!"

Away went the company up a gradual ascent in quick time. In a moment the cannon roared, but according to Mexican custom overshot us. The wild Texan yell followed the cannon's thunder, and so excited the Mexican infantry, placed in a position to pour a fire down our line that they overshot us; and by the time the artillery hurled its second charge of canister, shot-guns and pistols were freely used by the Texans. Every man at the cannon was killed, as the company passed it. How many of the enemy were killed and wounded besides these we had no means of ascertaining. Had the Mexicans charged us along the road we followed, andgiven us the position they occupied, but very few would have returned to tell the story; but strange to say, they were so frightened that they entirely overshot us, killing only one horse and wounding one man. My friend, Arch Gibson, one of my nearest neighbors on the Guadalupe, who was riding on my right, lost his right cheeck bone. To prevent him from falling and being trampled to death, I threw my right arm around him, seized the rein of his bridle with my right hand and guiding his horse and mine at the same time, bore him safely to the rear in a speechless condition. His first cry was for water, which was furnished as quickly as possible. He recovered from his wound, and was afterwards doubly my friend.

The night was now coming on, and the firing ceased. Most of the men were anxious to charge the lines, and reach the prisoners at all hazards. Ben McCulloch, who acted as captain in other engagements, a gallant and safe leader, but who from some cause did not get into our organization in time to be placed in command, after an examination of the enemy's position, advised that the attack be postponed till morning. A sad night it was to me. Will the prisoners be retaken, or shall they wear out a miserable existence amidst the rattling of chains? God forbid that any minister of the blessed Jesus should ever again be driven to such desperation as I then felt! I was prepared for almost anything, as the morning will show

During the night General Woll moved off in our hearing, and at sunrise in the morning his drums sounded in my ears about six miles on the prairie beyond. The men were called up early, knowing that a council of war had been held, and that Caldwell was advised to lead his company in pursuit of the enemy. Feeling anxious to overtake the Mexicans early in the day lest the coming night might interfere with the capture as on the evening before, I did all I could to assist both Hays and Caldwell to get the men ready.

General Mayfield, who had made an unsuccessful speech the evening before, called the men around him and commenced a harangue. He told them that we were in an enemy's country; that the Mexicans were more than double our number, and that General Woll was hourly expecting a large reinforcement. In the midst of these dangers he doubted exceedingly the wisdom of the pursuit. His design evidently was to kill time and discourage the expedition in the same speech. My indignation now passed all bounds and it would not be too much to say that I was absolutely furious. He had no command, and I had none, so that as private soldiers we were on an equal footing. In the midst of his speech I interrupted him, saying that the time had passed for long speeches, and that I for one, would be better pleased to hasten the fight and rescue our prisoner boys. I pointed to the baggage wagons and the cannon we had captured the evening before, and urged the pursuit. Seeing that many of the men were about to waver, and being in perfect sympathy with my cause, the Honorable Judge Hemphill, and others of like spirit, wept at my side. In spite of all that Colonel Caldwell, Captain Hays, and others could do, the contest was abandoned. It required at this time the combined strength of our little army to compete with the enemy, and as Mayfield had succeeded in intimidating quite a number of the command, it became necessary to give up the pursuit. General Woll reported to the government that he lost on this campaign 600 men; so that at this time we allowed him to escape he did not have over 800 men, Five hundred Texans such as ours, could easily have killed and captured the whole army. This was certainly one of the most disgraceful affairs that ever occurred in Texas, and this I suppose is the reason why so little has been said about it in the public prints of the country. The poor boys were carried to prison and chains, and we saw not their faces again for two years.

We now dispersed, in small companies and took up the line of march for our respective homes. Gladly would I have hid myself from my neighbors, if duty would have permitted, rather than rehearse the story relative to their dead, and the manner in which they were necessarily left on the "Mesquite" battleground to be devoured by the wolf and the vulture.

Heaven I hope has forgiven me for the animosity I felt toward the man who made that long speech. Twice afterwards he approached me in a friendly manner. The first time was on the return home. I replied to him by laying both my hands on my gun and forbidding him to speak another word. This may have been wrong, but I did it. The second time he approached me was on the street in Brenham, years afterward. God has caused my poor heart in the meantime to bow beneath the greatest affliction of my life, and I tendered General Mayfield my hand, and endeavored to seek forgiveness. I did not feel like talking. My wife was in the grave, hastened there prematurely, as I believed, by the grief of two years, in consequence of the chains her eldest son wore in a foreign land. When he questioned me as to my feelings toward him, faithfulness required me to say that there were wounds made in life that could not with safety be probed, even when they are old; and that this was one of them.

Colonists of Navarro and Denton Counties Fight Indians.

By A. J. Sowell, in San Antonio Light.

The early settlers of Navarro county, like all others, were. harassed by hostile Indians. Some of the lands were located ass early as 1833 and surveyed by J. Elliot, surveyor under the Mexican government. After the Texas revolution a new set of locaters came along and re-located most of the old surveys. It was while parties were out surveying lands that the incidents of which we now write occurred.

In 1838 three men, Sparks, Berry and Holland, were killed the same day on the south side of Richland, about twelve miles from the present town of Corsicana. They belonged to a surveying party and were ambushed and killed while all the others of their party were driven off. William F. Sparks was a noted land locator from the town of Nacogdoches and his name as surveyor is attached to a large number of the land titles of this region. None of this unfortunate party was buried. Some of their surveying implements were gathered up about twelve years afterwards.

About four miles south of Corsicana, in the following year, occurred quite a battle with Indians. Captain Chandler and Lieut. William M. Love and about forty other settlers engaged a large body of Indians and defeated them. When the fight commenced the Indians fled to an encampment they had nearby and made a firm stand for a time, but finally the camp was stormed by the Texans and the red men again went on the run. The pursuit lasted about ten miles and many of the Indians were killed, but with a loss of only one man killed and some wounded.

About $4,000 worth of property fell into the hands of Captain Chandler and his party. One of the men who participated in this fight was Col. C. M. Winkler, who served with distinction under General Lee during the civil war.

The first settlements made in what is known as Denton county were on Hickory and Prairie creeks, from 1842 to 1845 by the Wagners, Claryses, Kings and others. In June 1845 , there were seventeen families in all. In the latter part of 1845 came Murphy, the Harmasons, the Holfords, Welders, Frenches, and others, and in the early part of 1846, the Carters, S. A. Venters and the Yockhomises settled on Clear creek and the Stricklins on Isle de Bois.

Denton county was organized in July 1846, and named for Captain John B. Denton, who was killed in a fight with Indians on the Trinity. The Indians were numerous and hostile, and often bloody encounters took place between them and the pioneers.

In 1868, a party of Indians, supposed to be about twenty in number, made a raid into Wise and Denton counties. Crossing Denton creek near the overland road and meeting no opposition, the savages at 12 o'clock at night dashed

into the town of Denton and drove out about thirty head of horses without the inhabitants being aware of their presence. Next morning horses were missed from lots and pastures and Indian trails were discovered in the fields. Scouts were sent out in several directions and it was discovered by them that the Indians had gone out by the Gainesville road to the crossing on Clear Creek, gathering all of the horses on the route.

No attempt had been made by them to kill any of the citizens on the route. When crossing Clear creek they attempted to capture two of Mr. Roll's little boys, who happened to be some distance from the house. Their main object seemed to be to get as many horses as possible. They gathered all the horses in the way until the drove amounted to fifty or sixty, then left the settlements beyond Clear creek and started in the direction of Cook county. Capt. R. H. Hopkins, Stephen Curley and three other men whose ranches on Clear creek were swept of a good deal of valuable stock, mounted fleet horses and started in pursuit. Another force of ten men also joined in the chase farther in the rear, not being able to keep pace with the Indians, all of whom were now mounted on fresh horses.

The pursuit continued for many miles over the prairie,, the party keeping in sight of the Indians all the time until the squad under Captain Hopkins made a flank movement for the purpose of getting reinforcements from some of the ranches on the right. This move so confused the Indians, who thought this was some strategem, that they turned into the brakes and briers on Clear creek, where they were charged upon by Hopkins and his men and nearly all of the stolen horses recaptured. The Indians escaped with the horses they were riding and went off in the direction of Montague county.

Soon after this raid a runner hastened to the town of Denton and reported Indians in force gathering between the ranches of Thomas Eagan and George McCormick. About twenty-five if the citizens immediately armed themselves, mounted horses and started in pursuit. About ten miles from town the scouts discovered two Indians on Hickory Creek driving about fifteen head of horses to the main herd. They raised a yell and charged them and recaptured the horses. Tarleton Bull was in the lead and fired first at close range, wounding an Indian in the spine. The Indian turned and fired at Bull but missed him. He then raised his bow to discharge an arrow but was fired on by the others of the party and hit with threo more balls and fell from his horse dead, without shooting the arrow. Mr. Bull secured his horse and E. Allen got the gun and bow and the quiver of arrows. The other Indian escaped.

The scouts then pushed on closely after the main body of the Indians up the North Hickory, but did not come up with them until they halted at Chrisholm's ranch. Here the Indians formed for battle, the chief blowing a shrill whistle. Hearing the whistle, a dog belonging to one of the settlers ran over to the Indians and was at once killed by them. The number of white men by this time had increased to forty-three men and the Indians numbered about about one hundred and fifty. Firing commenced on both sides and the Indians. seeing the small force of the settlers as compared to their own number, raised the warwhoop and charged.

As is often the case in battles with Indians, some white men cannot stand the charge and yell of an Indian, and so in this case some broke away and then others followed and all soon became scattered in a disordered flight. En couraged by a braver men, the retreating ones rallied and a stand was finally made, but in the flight Sevier Whartenburg was killed and then scalped and stripped of his clothing. William Eaves was wounded and George McCormick's horse was killed, but he succeeded in making his escape across the creek. The stand that the white men made was not of long duration, but they succeeded in checking the Indians and then retreating more slowly in a body. The Indians succeeded in getting away with about three hunderd head of horses The body of the slain man was afterwards recovered and carried to his home and buried.

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Seven Mexicans, Dressed as Indians, Captured and Executed.

By Taylor Thompson.

Taylor Thompson, now deceased, was a well known printer, newspaper man, ranger, and Confederate soldier. His series of articles, dealing with his experiences on the frontier, which will appear in this Magazine, will be found very interesting.

Much has been said and written about the hardships and privations endured by the Confederate soldiers fifty years ago and especially the straits to which he was often put in order to secure something to eat. We have heard and read about the mule meat eaten by the Confederate s during the siege of Vicksburg. Of course many of these stories were exaggerations. I was not at Vicksburg and I do not know whether the Confederates ate mule meat or not. I do know, however, that the Confederate soldier was not the only man who often lived on short rations. The Texas Ranger often had to do without something to eat as well as water to drink. I had some little experience in both branches of the service and know what I am talking about. I have frequently seen men following an Indian trail or returning from having followed one go without water twenty four hours or forty-eight hours until their tongues would be so swollen that they could scarcely articulate so that they could be understood and I was never able to decide which caused the most suffering, the pangs of hunger or those of thirst. There was an old song in the days that I was in the ranger service which I have frequently heard sung around the campfire, which quite adequately describes the situation, one verse of which ran something like this:

"All day without drinking,
All night without winking,
Things have now come to a terrible pass,
No rest for the sinner,
No breakfeast nor dinner,
No sleep on a supperless bed on the grass."

I remember on one occasion a squad of rangers had followed a party of Indians away up on the arid plains of Northwest Texas, where then water was very scarce where now artisian and other wells abound. We were in a section of country with which we were unacquainted and did not know where to look for the few streams and water holes which now existed. We had abandoned the trail and given up the pursuit, and had started back on our return to the settlements, though we came back by a different route from that we had followed when going up, hoping to find water and game more plentiful for our commissary department depended on the game which our rifles could furnish. We had ridden all day beneath a broiling sun and the water which the few canteens in the squad held, which had been filled at the last mud hole where we camped was exhausted before 10 a. m. We killed several jack rabbits during the day, and when about sundown we struck what the boys called a dry camp, that is a bivouac without water, we had enough rabbit meat for supper and breakfast but had nothing to drink. We were so thirsty that no one felt like eating and of course our horses were suffering as much or more than we were. We camped in a depression of the prairie where there were a few wild china trees. Macedonia, our old trailer, rode on an old delapidated black horse who looked like he might have come into Texas with Santa Anna's army in 1836. And when he removed the saddle and turned the old crittur loose the animal pricked up his ears, looked up the depression referred to, and started in a slow trot. Maceodnia remarked that the old rascal had smelt water sure, and picking up his water gourd started to follow his horse. Several of the other animals would have followed but no one except Macdonia had turned his horse loose. In a few minutes the old man came back with his gourd filled with water. He said there was a small lake or pond up there, which had been filled by the last rain, and we promptly moved camp to be near the refreshing liquid and after drinking heartily we concluded to do justice to the rabbit meal without salt.

A day or two later we had reached the vicinity of Devil's river, and while we had not suffered for water any more the little game that we saw was so wild that we could not get in gunshot of it. Our commissary was empty and one day we

decided that if we killed no game before night we would be compelled to slaughter one of our horses. We were within twenty-five or thirty miles of old Fort McKavett, but did not know it. Later in the afternoon we saw a solitary horse feeding on the rich grass of the prairie, and our party which consisted of ten or twelve men, spread out and surrounded the animal as nearly as we could and we closed in on him with the intention of either capturing or killing him. The horse was wild and acted like a thoroughbred mustang and finally broke to run at full speed. He ran between two of our men, both of whom being in gunshot fired at him and though they did not kill him wounded him so badly that he was soon dispatched. The horse was branded U. S. and had doubtless escaped from some detachment of soldiers before the civil war began. He was fat however, and we feasted on horse meat, without salt that night and the next day. It was not the first time I had eaten horsemeat, and I never could see but that the flesh of a horse was fully as good as beef, though any kind of meat without salt or bread, while it will satisfy the craving of hunger it is a poor diet and soon palls on the appetite.

On one occasion a squad of eight Texas rangers were camped on Black creek in what is now Frio county. We had been there several days and had seen no Indian trail and been having a good time hunting. One morning about 10 o'clock one of the boys came into camp and reported that he had seen an Indian trail which passed about a mile to the west of our camp and that the Indians were driving a small bunch of horses. We were soon in the saddle and when we struck the trail found that it was quite fresh and led in the direction of the nearest point on the Rio Grande. That section of country was unsettled, the party we were following, of course knew this, and from the leisurely manner in which they traveled evidently did not anticipate pursuit. About 3 or 4 o'clock in the afternoon the trail crossed a small creek, which was bordered with a fringe of hackberry trees. When we crossed the creek and emerged from the trees we came in sight of the party who were not more than two hundred yards from us. We promptly charged them and they were taken by surprise. They abandoned the horses they were driving did not scatter as Indians usually did. They took refuge in a small clump of live oak trees, dismounted and prepared to receive us. Justo Rodriguez, my corporal remarked that they were not Indians, but either Mexicans or gringos. We also dismounted and approached the shelter on foot and when about a hundred yards distant from them I called upon them to surrender. They replied with two or three shots. We returned the fire and then made a rush for the timber.

As we were about entering the timber a man appeared waving a white cloth upon which Justo remarked, "I knew they were not Indians," though the man who was waving the white cloth was in full Indian dress. I again demanded their surrender and this man replied in Spanish "We want to surrender, as two of us are already badly wounded." I told them to come out in the open and lay down their guns which five of them did. When we got among the trees we found them all in Indian garb, two of them lying on the ground badly wounded. The Indian headdress had fallen from the heads of the wounded men, one of whom was their leader, whose name I could give, but as he still has decendants living in that country I prefer not to do so. My men were all Mexicans and they recognized this man and two others of the party. They were Mexicans who had gone to the border to evade the conscript law, and it was said had made frequent raids, disguised as Indians into our country with which they were acquainted. My men promptly announced that they were going to hang the entire outfit, I told them they should not do this. Justo Rodriguez remarked: "Sergeant ordinarily we will obey your orders, but we are going to hang these men." There were seventy men against me, and of course I had to yield. Accordingly the arms of the prisoners were tied behind them, they were placed on their horses, including the two wounded men, their own lariats placed around their necks, thrown over the limb of one large live oak tree and tied and their horses led out from under them and seven bodies left dangling from one tree.

We gathered up the horses they had been driving and found that many of them had been stolen from our own neighborhood, among them one saddle horse belonging to me.

Interesting Life Story of An Early Texan.

Writen By Mrs. Mary E. Lesesne, Hennessy, Texas.

Colonel John Durst was born in Missouri February 4, 1797. He was raised in Texas by Mr. Samuel Davenport, who, taking young Durst with him, abandoned the country about 1814 on account of the war between Spain and Mexico.

He married Miss Harriet M. Jamison, a native of Harper's Ferry, Va., whose father, Col. Jamison, had been appointed Indian agent for the United States and in that capacity was then living in Louisiana. The marriage took place in Natchitoches February 21, 1821.

In 1827 Colonel Durst and his wife moved to Nacogdoches, Texas, and bought the old stone house which the missionaries had built in 1778. This house was their home while they resided in Nacogdoches and was fort as well as home. Col. Durst kept well in view the protection of his family.

Engaging in merchandising he soon found a large and lucrative business on his hands. The Mexican government had stationed Col. Piedras at Nacogdoches with a considerable force to keep the Americans in check. The citizens were borbearing and trying all the while to gain their liberty. At length the order came that all arms should be surrendered. At this the long-forbearing residents flew to arms, assembled at Nacogdochès, attacked Piedras in his fortified camp, routed him and pursued and captured his entire force. At the commencemnt of the attack Colonel Durst was second in command, but before any fighting was done he was made commander and conducted the brave onslaught and pursuit.

In a short time he was chosen delegate to represent the eastern district of Texas in the congress sitting at Monclova. While there he was one day informed by a friend that the government had secretly declared war against Texas. Milam and Bowie refused to believe the report and, selecting a trusty peon, Colonel Durst determined to come alone, bring the information to General Rusk, and thus save his country from the overwhelming hordes that would pour unlooked for into her territory.

Nine hundred and sixty miles was accomplished by this intrepid pioneer in twelve and a half days on the same horse. The danger of the journey through the arid plains of the enemy's country can well be imagined. Verily, Paul Revere and Caeser Rodney were not the only historic riders who rode for "liberty or death."

Col. Durst moved to Angelina county and commenced farming on the river of that name. Scarcely had he completed building when all the families had to abandon the country and flee from the Santa Anna invasion and from Indian treachery. With wise foresight Colonel Durst had the walls of his home filled with shelled corn and when the families returned to their homes he gladly divided this store of food with them. While his family was away he with some picked men did picket duty for that part of the country.

From 1836 to 1839 was the crucial time for the young republic. Treacherous foes were on her border and in the midst of her people, instigating the savages to midnight attacks and bribing them to ally themselves with the Mexicans for the extermination of the white settlers. Flores and Canales were busy plotting, planning and scheming for this deadly work. The eagle eye of Colonel Durst took in the situation. He rightly read that the calm was the presage of the storm. He fortified his dwelling making ample room for others. Besides the blockhouse fortification he built a large cellar underneath his dwelling, which was used as a dining room, but was to be a place of refuge for the women and children in case of attack.

Assured of the safety of his family he was then with his company of minute men off and away at the least sign of threatened warfare. Often his life was in great danger from the foes around, and on several occasions he was kept from death by the fidelity of Mexicans whom he had formerly employed. One prominent characteristic of Col Durst's was the power he wielded over the men under him. Whether as soldiers following him into battle, or as servants doing his bidding, they were ready to lay down their lives for him.

Every now and then such fearful deeds as the Maden massacre, and Ft. Parker tragedy, would almost curdle the blood of these early settlers, and at last the minute men reported to Gen. Rusk

that large forces of Mexicans and Indians were assembled near the Angelina river. The Durst home now was converted into a place of refuge, and the families of the settlers invited to come there for protection. The inclosures were soon filled and many camped on the outside where they could quickly run in in case of an attack.

Colonel Durst, leaving enough men to guard the families in these fortifications, was soon with General Rusk, pursuing the enemy at the head of his company and when the fight came off had a horse shot under him.

Col. Durst employed John H. Reagan to teach in his family for four years. Judge Reagan said "At the home of Col. Durst I was a hard student, as well as teacher. From his fine library I read many books. At this harethston I met many books. At this hearthstone I met hearted and hospitable. I listened to their conversations on the science of government. My mind was directed in that channel and my going into the home of Colonel John Durst was my first stepping stone to public life."

In 1844 the Durst family, with a large stock of cattle, many servants and retainers,moved to Robertson colony. That colony was soon divided and Col. Durst named the eastern part Leon, from the prairie on which he had settled, and which had long borne that name. He owned large quantities of land in various portions of the state, the deeds to many of which are in possession of Hon. Bruno Durst, and are written in Spanish.

Colonel Durst died in Galveston while attending supreme court in February, 1851. His sons at that time were quite young and much of his landed estate was lost for the want of timely attention.

From the old Spanish Bible, a sacred relic now in the family, the following record is translated into English:

Eliza Almira Durst was born in Natchitoches, La., in 1823. Louis Orlando Durst was born in Nacogdoches, Texas, September 1, 1827. Benigna Durst, April 7, 1830. Bruno Durst, October 11, 1832. Alexander Horatio Durst, December 28, 1834. Angelina Durst, March 20, 1837. Harriet Matilda Durst, July 29, 1839. John Sterling Durst, October 20, 1841. Horatio Durst, March 16, 1844. Clara Elizabeth Durst, September 6, 1846. Eugenia Marcelino Durst, 1849.

Out of these eleven children the two daughters, Benigna and Harriet, lived and married in Leon county. Benigna married Geeral T. W. Blake and died leaving two children, J. W. Blake and Mattie Blake. Harriet married Dr. Sim Hopkins, and died, leaving three children. Two of these, Louis Hopkins of Oak Cliff, and Arch Hopkins of Jewett, are still living.

Louis Durst, the oldest son, married Miss Davenport, and soon afterward was killed. He left one son, John Durst, of Tyler, Texas. Bruno Durst married Miss Lusk of Leon county. He represented his district in the State legislature. John S. Durst married Miss Kittrell of Madison county. He is now a minister in the Church of Christ, and a resident of Junction City. Horatio Durst has been married four times. His present wife was Miss Wynne of Calvert. He resides near Leon at the old Durst homestead. Mrs. Durst died in 1885, aged 78 years.

In writing this sketch I have borne in mind the words of the battle-scarred Cromwell to his portrait artist, "Paint me as I am." In gathering up the incidents and drawing out the leading characteristics of Colonel Durst I have looked for the scars. I have tried to picture him as he was.

Refusing all offers for public life he preferred the quiet citizen's walk, but when duty called he was "foremost in the fray," defending his country and his home.

"They builded better than they knew." Today our Lone Star blazes with a magnitude and a brilliancy peculiarly her own. All honor to the men who wrested her from vandal hands.

(Editor's Note: The above was published in the Houston Post 24 years ago. There are now only two of Mr. Durst's children living, Horatio Durst, aged 80, and John S. Durst, aged 82.

The memory of our brave pioneers should not fade away. Col. Durst's name should be kept green with the laurel wreath of honor, and the knowledge of indomitable courage and endurance of the heroes of the stormy revolutionary days should imbue coming generations with the patriotic fire that stirred the breasts of their illustrious forefathers.)

We would like to receive reminiscent sketches from all of the Texas pioneers. Write your sketch in your own way, giving your experience on the frontier.

Reminiscences of a Texas Ranger.

Written by Ed Carnal.

In the spring of 1874 the Texas Legislature, then in session at Austin, passed an act authorizing the formation of a battalion of Rangers for service on the frontier as rapidly as they could be organized, to prevent Indian raids which were frequent occurrences, usually every light of the moon. This battalion was composed of six companies, 75 men to the company, rank and file. Major John B. Jones was appointed by Richard Coke, governor of Texas, to command these troops. Major Jones had seen much service in the army of Northern Virginia during the Civil War. Captain C. R. Perry was also appointed by Governor Coke to a command one of the companies. He was a man who had seen much frontier service. He was living at that time in Blanco county. He had served under General Sam Houston as a courier when he was only fourteen years old, and was at the Battle of San Jacinto. For years he was in continuous service on the frontier ofTexas.

At the time of the organization of this Battalion I was residing at Blanco, and being acquainted with Captain Perry, I took steps to at once enlist in his company, which was organized in the town of Blanco. On May 25th, 1874, we were mustered into service at the court house door by W. S. Callahan, then justice of the peace.

Major Jones had six men detailed from each company to travel with him as an escort. Myself and five others were detailed from Captain Perry's company for this escort service. These six companies were stretched from the Nueces River on the South to the Red river on the north, embracing something over 600 miles of entirely unsettled country. Major Jones' object seemed to be to place these companies 100 miles apart along the frontier. However, these locations were necessarily selected with a view of abundance of grass and water for our horses.

My company was pushed rapidly forward to Menard county, almost due west from our first encampment. The first company south of us was Caldwell's company, to which we went when Major Jones came up. His object was to receive from this company the escort of six and to place Caldwell's company where he thought it could be of most service. Then we traveled north over very rough rugged country, typical of the Texas frontier, to Perry's company, placing it in Menard county. We went on north, practically another hundred miles to Maltby's company. After placing this company and selecting the escort detail, we again pushed north to the next company, which was Captain Waller's. After the usual procedure of placing this company and selecting the escorts, we continued north to Captain Stevens' company. On our arrival on the evening of July 11, we found almost the entire company out on scout duty. We turned in and camped near this company. While at breakfast the next morning, about sunrise, runners came to our camp bringing the news that Indians were in the country, a large trail having been struck, leading toward the settlement in Cook county. As soon as we could finish breakfast the command was ordered to "saddle up." Taking a portion of his escort, and a part of Captain Stevens' company commanded by Lieutenant Wilson, the others being left to take care of the camp, Major Jones pushed rapidly forward with the guides to strike the trail. Of the combined forces we had probably twenty-five men. For several miles we traveled at a brisk canter until we came to the trail—and a very large trail it was—leading towards the settled country. We put in on the trail at the brisk rate we had been riding, and had no difficulty in following it. For miles and miles we followed it. Occasionally we came to small water holes where we saw mocassin tracks where the Indians had jumped from their ponies to get water; also we found frequently pieces of charred beef about the size of a man's fist. On and on we went, finally coming to the wagon road which ran from Jacksboro or Fort Richardson to Fort Griffin on the Clear Fork of the Brazos river. These two forts were both United States government outposts. At Fort Richardson were stationed what we Texans called the 'buffalo soldiers"—U. S. negro troops. This road was the main thoroughfare over which all government freight and civilian supplies destined for the west was hauled in immense Chihuahua wagons pulled by from fifteen to twenty mules, driven four

abreast. The teamsters who handled these freight teams were all of the hardy frontier type, and were almost generally Mexicans.

As we crossed the road mentioned above, near it we saw a wooden monument which had been erected by some civilians, doubtless cattlemen, in memory of a number of teamsters who sometime previously had been massacred by Indians led by old Big Tree and Satanta, who were on a raid at that time. The Indians far outnumbered the teamsters, about fifteen, and quickly rounded them up. After looting the wagons the trace chins were taken off the mules and the teamsters tied to the wagon wheels and everything set on fire. The entire outfit was burned up, and the charred remains of the unfortunate teamsters were gathered up by civilians and buried.

We continued following the trail until we reached the timbered country. Then going on, the trail led up to a high hill, and it seemed so fresh that the dust raised by the Indians was actually in circulation. As we pushed on this hot trail, leading towards the valley, our men became much scattered, every one trying to find the trail himself, as the Indians had scattered in different directions, making many trails. I, like the rest of the escort, got scattered too, hunting the trail "on my own hook," along the edge of the timber. The command passed on ahead of me towards Lost Valley. As I came out of the timber on the edge of the valley I had my first real sight of the Indians. I was very much astonished and reined up my horse and sat looking at them. They were in such great numbers it was difficult for me to believe they were redskins. I thought for a few moments that it was a large body of cowmen on a scout to apprehend the Indians. As they were coming in my direction, when they came nearer, I could see their lances and I realized positively that they were Indians, and there were approximately 300 of them. It was then I threw my gun in their direction and fired, more as a warning to our boys far below me in the valley. As soon as I did this the Indians saw me and came rushing toward me with yells and wild shooting. I started, keeping on the edge of the timber for some distance, in the direction I supposed the command to be. When I came out into the valley the real race began, the Indians riding like the devil, shooting every jump and yelling like demons. I threw myself forward in my saddle, resting my head on my horse's neck, one hand clutching his mane, the other swung back over the cantle of the saddle and holding my "45." To say that I was very much frightened would be putting it mildly, but truly I was more frightened for my horse than for myself, well knowing that if he went down what would become of me. I had made up my mind to take as many of the redskins with me as I could to the "happy hunting grounds" when I went. The chase covered about a mile before I reached Major Jones and what of the outfit he had assembled, which consisted of not more than half a dozen men. The major was sitting on his horse calmly facing the direction from which the Indians and I were coming, placing his men in some kind of formaton as they came up, which they were now doing from every direction. When I reached them they were formed up to the right or left with instructions not to "bunch." There were not over eighteen or twenty of us present when we opened fire on the Indians who had begun to ride in a circle around us, which was their favorite system of fighting. We soon pushed them back toward the timbered hills, and we took position in a large mesquite flat or valley, known as Lost Valley. A small stream which ran there was known as Salt Creek. The Indians continued to fall back as we advanced, keeping up a steady fire. Passing through a belt of timber, the Indians took position on a couple of rock-capped hills which were very close together, and which afforded almost complete protection. We advanced to near the foot of the hills and when Major Jones saw the position of the enemy, he ordered us to fall back. Here is where we lost our first man. We were to take position in a narrow skirt of timber running parallel with the Reds' position, with instructions to dismount, hitch our horses and occupy a dry ravine running along the edge of this timber. This ravine was about a hundred yards long and four or five feet in depth, naturally affording us considerable protection. As we turned to fall back, the Indians followed, yelling and shooting at every jump. To me the situation looked very bad, as though we were going to be swamped. When we dismounted and left our horses and scrambled into the ravine we were fighting with our six-

shooters, as action was much too rapid for our carbines which carried no magazines but were loaded from our belts. Major Jones called for volunteers to go out and bring in our wounded man, who was crawling towards us and calling piteously for us to not allow him to fall into the hands of the Indians. Three men went for him under a very heavy fire from both sides and brought him to the ravine. This rescue party was in as great danger from our men as they were from the savages. With the exception of Major Jones, none of our men had ever been under fire before. They, like myself, were little more than beardless youths, and very naturally a great deal of promiscuous shooting ensued. The confusion and noise by this time was tremendous. Major Jones was the only man in the command who did not go into the ravine. He was constantly walking up and down behind the line and encouraging us as much as possible. I noticed him and became very much concerned. At one time he leaned against a postoak tree directly behind me, while the Indians' bullets were cutting the limbs off the trees all around like a mowing machine. I remarked to him that I thaught he was exposing himself unneccessarily, but he said he thought not, simply saying somebody had to be outside to observe the enemy's actions. I was afraid he would be killed there, fully ralizing that he was the only one holding us in the ravine, and that if he went down we couldn't hold fifteen minutes. Occasionally he would say, "Steady, Boys," or "fire low," or "Tend strictly to business and all the Indians there can't pull us out of this ravine." Owing to the great din and confusion it was almost impossible to hear us speak. About this time the Major doubtless realizing our condition, concluded to try to get a dispatch through to the commander at Fort Richardson requesting immediate aid.

Along late in the afternoon, after we had been in action several hours, the thirst among our men became terrible. I think there is nothing to equal the thirst created from inhaling the explosion of fresh gun powder. Two of the boys gathered up all the canteens they could get and started to Salt Creek for water. It was positively against orders, but go they would. Our thirst was so great our tongues were swollen in our mouths. We had but little water since early morning. One of my comrades, a boy about eighteen years old, fighting nearest me, threw aside his gun and with his Bowie knife dug a hole in the sand almost an arm's depth. Out of this he would gather handfuls of moist sand and cram it into his mouth, which was now swollen out of all proportions, and his eyes bulged from his head like balls of fire. Although he could scarcely articulate he was alternately praying and "cussing."

We could see those boys, mounted, when they reached the creek, which was about a half a mile distant. One of them sat on his horse while the other filled the canteens. The firing in our front began to slacken, the Indians evidently drawing off for the purpose of getting water. We could not see where they were going owing to the heavy timber, but they were drawing around the creek, unobserved by us. We could still see our mounted boy by the side of the creek, and endeavored by shooting to attract his attention. Finally we saw him wheel suddenly and attempt to get back to our ravine. His mount was one of the swiftest and I believe had he detoured instead of coming direct all would have been well. However, by his time fully twenty-five Indians were in pursuit shooting at him and his flying horse. Suddenly his horse stopped and we saw the Indians crowding around him. The boy filling the canteens jumped into the creek as soon as his comrade rode off. He continued walking down the creek up to his neck in water, for several miles when he came upon another one of our boys who had been shot seriously in one of his arms earlier in the day. The wounded boy had made a rude tourniquet of his handkerchief and got into the creek up to his neck to aid in staunching the blood as well as for protection from the Indians. These two boys were members of Captain Stevens' detachment and were thoroughly familiar with the country. Eventually they made their way to a ranch house some twelve miles away, where we found them on our arrival the following morning.

About sundown the Indians having withdrawn, Major Jones ordered us to move. With us there were a few other boys well acquainted with that part of the country, and after rounding up two or three Indian ponies, we strapped our dead man on one and a badly wounded man on the other, and horseless and al-

most naked we set out. Our entire outfit of horses had been killed or wounded, except three or four. These we packed with saddles and equipment. The entire outfit was afoot. It would be difficult indeed to picture a more forlorn and desperate looking crew than we appeared as we silently filed down through that postoak timber. We kept to the timber to prevent the Indians from knowing we had left our position. As we made our way to the nearest ranch, twelve miles distant, we came to some small pools of stagnant wter, covered with about six inches of groen scum, and mud about two feet deep. The boys ran into these pools like thirst-maddened cattle, scooped the vile stuff with their hands and drank it, sometimes almost too thick with mud and scum to swallow. After having streamed this filth from their mouths down, together with their almost naked smoke blackened bodies, they were hardly recognizable as white folks, resembling more, mudcats. It was in this condition, toward morning, we reached the ranch. Our first object was to attempt to find something to eat, in some shape or another, which we soon succeeded in doing. Immediately afterwards we buried our dead comrade on the ranch, and then laid down to get a little much needed rest. Early in the morning our courier returned with the relay of U. S. cavalry from Fort Richardson. As it was still very dark both commands remained at the ranch until daylight, when we started back to where the fight had occurred. Major Jones' plan in going back was to get on the main trail leading west out of the settled country. So we rode back and once more viewed the grounds over which we had fought the day. before. In going over those positions we came to the body of the boy who had been killed while riding back from the creek where he had gone for water. Poor fellow! There was little of him left. His clothing was all gone and his body was terribly mutilated. He had been lanced and cut with Bowie knives until it was with difficulty one could recognize the remains as being those of a human. Even his head had been taken entirely away. It was a sandy location where he lay, and we dug a grave with our Bowie knives and drinking cups and wrapping the body in a blanket we laid it away in the shallow grave. We then resumed our efforts to find the main trail of the Indians, as we were very anxious to get those troops on it but the surrounding country was so cut up with so many trails, all leading in different directions that we found it impossible. This was one of their favorite methods after an attack being to scatter in all directions, traveling possibly for miles paralleling each other but finally all trails converging at a given point previously agreed upon, perhaps some twenty-five miles distant. We scouted for the greater part of the day trying to locate this trail for the black troops but with no success what ever.

During the day of action there was two objects which attracted my attention particularly and which I remember very forcibly. They were two large trees standing out in advance of the Indians' position a hundred yards or more. They were possibly two feet in diameter. From behind them during the greater part of the action there was a continuous fire. Next day while we were going over the battle ground I rode up to the trees and saw from 250 to 300 empty cartridge shells laying at the base of each tree. Many was the time, the day previous I took a shot at the redskins behind those trees, but as far as I know, without result, the trees being so large there was practically none of the redskins exposed.

Finally the black troops went on back to their fort and we collected the rest of our command, composed of the remainder of Major Jones' escort left in camp July 12th, which included the quartermaster's outfit and traveled on to Jacksboro. Our main purpose now was to refit our boys with horses, which we did on reaching Jacksboro. This having been accomplished we again started north, camping the first night at the Buffalo Springs, some distance from Jacksboro. I remember this place very well from the fact that we had a stampede of our horses there. We thought at first the Indians were passing hrough, and as we came rolling out of our blankets we expected to see the reds on the run, and to hear their yells once more and see the fireworks. But nothing of the kind occurred. Almost all of our horses were gone, only four being left for us to mount and hunt up the others. We never knew just what caused the stampede, but thought very prabably it was a wolf running through our camp. It

took us the greater part of the following day to round up our horses, some being miles away when found. At one point, fifteen miles from our camp we came upon a dozen of them. In their desperate efforts to escape during the stampede these horses had uprooted saplings as large as a man's thigh, to which they had been tethered and when we found them their rope ends were so entwined that these twelve were completely tied together.

Once more we proceeded north to the last company, commanded by Captain Ikard, which was stationed on the Pease River. On our arrival we changed the location of this camp, and after remaining some time there, we started back, down the line, south.

In conclusion: We would all like to know the Indian casualties of battle, but when Indians are left in possession of the ground over which any fighting has taken place, they invariably carry away all of their dead and wounded. This is a custom from which they never deviate. Our boys, as before stated, were raw and unaccustomed to any fighting, and as might be expected, there had been a great amount of wild and reckless shooting. The same, however, seems to have been the ease with the Indians. Their fire was always too high —and well for us it was, too.

The Indians, as we afterwards learned, were cammanded by Lone Wolf, the great Kiowa chief from the Nation. His braves were also from there. Major Jones estimated their number at 300, and all a picked war party. There was no doubt but that these Indians were from the reservation, as all blankets we captured—and there were many—along the line of our company which was 300 miles south of this point, were all stamped in the center with I D (Indian Department), conclusive proof that these were Indians to whom our government had issued blankets.

We rangers, as well as Indians, fought under the black flag. We asked no quarter and gave none. Whenever we met it was simply a case of outfight or outrun 'em, whichever could be done the best. Ours invariably turned out one way— we outfought 'em. When we fell into their hands they scalped us and frightfully mutilated our bodies, frequently cutting and hacking us to pieces. We didn't do as bad as that but scalped them just the same. Indian scalps in ranger camps were as common as pony tracks, whole scalps hanging from trees with hair sometimes three feet long Some of our boys would have their bridle reins and brow bands plumed with them, the long hair on the reins, standing erect when being held high by the rider, and making what the rangers considered a pleasing sight. My own horse wore a browband trimmed in Indian hair cut straight across like a girl's bangs.

I believe I can saftely say our command (Captain Perry's), being stationed in as bad an Indian country as was on the entire frontier, killed more Indians than any two or three other companies, having taken only one prisoner.

This event occurred after one of our scouts had followed a band of Indians After following them about two days they discovered they were being followed and they detoured, passing back out almost the same way they came in. Two of our boys, out on beef detail, sighted them, and while one remained to watch the other brought the news to our camp which was not a great distance away. Lieutenant Roberts, being in camp at that time, called a scout as quickly as possible and went after them. As the Indians' horses were ridden down it was little trouble to overtake them. A runing fight ensued, covering eight or ten miles. All of the Indans were killed ex cept two—one left his horse and made his escape into a cedar brake on foot, the other being overtaken and made a prisoner. The Indians have a custom, when a rider's pony is killed or played out he will run behind a mounted Indian holding to the horse's tail. When he becomes tired the mounted Indian changes places with him. It is difficult to believe how far and how fast the Indains can run in such a manner. The prisoner mentioned above had been riding behind the Indian who abandoned his horse and finally escaped into the cedar brake.

(Editor's Note—Ed Carnal, the writer of the above sketch was born September 30, 1849, and died in San Antonio February 18, 1921. He was a member of the Old Time Trail Drivers' Association, and was well known among the early cowmen of the state. His three nephews, W. H. Carnal, Scott Carnal and Joe Carnal, are employees of the San Antonio Express.)

Ben Dragoo Tells of the Capture of Cynthia Ann Parker.

The Indians were more troublesome in the fall of '59 than ever before; their raids were more numerous and covered a broader extent along the frontier. Each of these invasions left its trail of blood along the border and the mutilated remains of its victims in its path. In many instances it was reported that white men often led these raids and their cruelties were, if possible, exceded by those of the savages. It was claimed that these white men had been outlawed by their countrymen for crimes committed and had sought refuge among the Comanches, and having all the instincts of a savage and the shrewdness of the white man, they soon found favor and turned it to account by leading raids against the settlements, always careful not to expose themselves to danger, and driving off herds which commanded a good price in Kansas and New Mexico.

Early in December the Comanches had raided Parker county again and had committed several murders. The authorities had every reason to believe that the murders had been the work of a band of Comanches whose headquarters were somewhere far up on the Pease river. Ross' company of rangers and Cureton's company were started on the trail with the order to find the enemy's village and break up the nest. The fighting strength of the Indians was stimated all the way from 500 to 1,000 warriors, and it behooved us to assemble a force amply sufficient to defeat them. At Fort Belknap we were joined by a troop of U. S. dragoons, twenty in all and number one good fighters in close quarters.

When we left Belknap we took our time. The trail left by the Indians had grown cold; they had long since reached their headquarters and doubtless felt secure in their remote village. To locate this village was our object; to preserve the strength and good condition of our horses was of the highest importance. We knew we would tree our game, somewhere, and then, above all other times, we would need the strength and mettle of good horses. Hence, we took our time while on the march.

Peter Robertson, of Cureton's company, Gray and myself were the advanced scouts and trailers. Unless on a hot trail ranger scouts seldom rode together. As in this case we rode far apart in the open country and still within signaling distance.

It being late in the season, it was bitter cold at times, and there were few buffalo on the plains. But deer were plentiful and we couldn't complain at the fare.

On the 27th of December—I think that was the date, I am not quite sure, it has been so long ago—we found signs that indicated that we were not many days' travel from the Indian village. The sign was old, but to the eye of the frontiersmen, it was easily read and interpreted. We reported this to Captain Ross and he ordered his men to keep closer together in readiness at any moment for a scrap. He instructed us to keep far in advance, three or four miles, and to save the wind of our horses. Late in the afternoon of the 28th we came in full view of the broad valley of the Pease river, and on a hill on which grew a mot of small trees, we discovered plenty of fresh signs. In the loose sand there were innumerable tracks of Indians, women and children, who but a few hours before, had been gathering hackberries. Nearby was the hide of a polecat, which had been killed and skinned, and the blood was scarcely cold, although it was miserably cold that evening. Two of us remained at this mot as watchmen, or rather listeners, for by this time it was dark, while the other two hastened back to the command to report our find. When they found Ross he had gone into camp but on hearing our report he ordered the men to saddle up and march in perfect silence, which they could easily do, as the country was of loose sandy soil and the horses' feet produced little sound. At the foot of the hill on which stood the mot where we had found the sign, the men were halted and ordered to dismount and move forward. Not a saddle, nor a pack was removed from the backs of those faithful animals that night, and after seeing that their guns were in trim, those who slept lay on the ground with bridle rein in hand. As I said, it was bitter cold and as no packs were unslung, the boys would collect in groups of three, four and five and huddle together on the ground, forming the center of a circle, around which their horses stood. By this means they could preserve a small share of the animal warmth and get a little sleep. In the

meantime Gray, Pete Robertson and I were well to the front watching and listening. We proceeded about two miles when we came to a high hill and we felt assured, from the general contour of the country over which we had come, and the trend of the hills that this elevation was near the river and doubtless overlooked the long sought Comanche village. We could see no lights in the village, but this was no surprise. We knew that at no time, winter or summer is a light ever seen in a Comanche village after nightfall. Above the voice of the night winds that came hurtling down from the north, we heard, once or twice, what we took to be the neighing of a horse, but no other sounds indicating the near proximity of a human habitation was heard. It seemed a long night, but the early dawn revealed to us the Comanche village with its tepees and wigwams in full view and almost at our feet. We moved back over the brow of the hill and signalled. Ross and his men moved up cautiously to the oot of the hill and halted. Ross and Lieut. Callahan ascended the hill with a field glass, then hastily descended and ordered the column forward. All rode in a slow trot until we turned the point of the hill next to the village and in full view and then the order to charge was given.

The Indians had evidently discovered our presence before we turned the point of the hill. They may have seen Ross and Callahan while they were on the hill; at any rate, they were in the utmost confusion when we charged into their wigwam village. Some were trying to rally their braves, others were mounted, some on foot, women and children were screaming and above all this pandemonium rang the defiant war whoop, the yells of the rangers and the crack of the six-shooter.

A portion of the Indian encampment was along the bank of the narrow, shallow river next to us when the charge began. The Indians in this quarter made a break for the opposite side. Just below I saw several mounted Indians make it across where the bed of the stream was dry and hard. I rushed in among these, shooting right and left, and when I had reached some distance, say forty or fifty yards on the other side, I dashed alongside an Indian woman (as I supposed) mounted and carrying a babe in her arms. I was just in the act of shooting her when, with one arm, she held up her baby and said "Americano!" I then told her to dismount, and go back but seeing she did not understand me, I motioned her to the rear and left her. All this time there was all kinds of fighting going on around me. Hand to hand and running fights, there was plenty to put a man on his metal. A large Indian on foot seized my bridle reins near the bits, with one hand and was trying to lance me with the other. At the same instant a mounted warrior was bearing down on me with poised lance. It was all the work of and instant. He was so close I believe I could have touched the point of the lance with the muzzle of my pistol. I shot him, and digging my spurs into the sides of my horse with great force, he sprang forward, jerking the Indian off his balance and as he reeled to one side, I made a good Indian of him. By this time the engagement had narrowed down to a running fight or rather a chase. Every red skin that could procure a mount was flying in the face of that north wind with a ranger or a dragoon behind him trying to catch up, and this chase continued several miles.

There have been many luminous stories told and written about Capt. Ross' capture of Cynthia Ann Parker and his duel with her husband, the big Indian chief. My purpose is to give facts in these matters and render honor to whom honor is due. I shall not dispute any man's statement, but will tell it as I saw it.

Ross had a fight at close quarters with a chief, and it happened right in the village. Ross had a Mexican body servant, a sprightly, good looking young Mexican and he was not afraid. I think he had once been a captive among the Indians and could speak their lingo. During the scrap with the chief, Ross was wounded and told the Mexican to shoot him. The Mexican blazed away with an old Yauger he carried, and shot the Indian through the hips. This brought the chief to a sitting posture and while making the most horrid faces and defying his conquerors by grimace, and every other taunting gesture known to savages, one of our men—I have forgotten his name—ran up and knocked him on the head with his gun. With a knife, and while the old savage was yet kicking, he made a quick incision around his head from ear to ear,

and when he jerked off his scalp it popped like a rifle. And as to that death song tale, if that chief sang a death song that day it was after we left him—dead.

Some of the survivors of that battle have stated that Quanah Parker was not there at the time of the fight. This is a mistake. Quanah was then eleven years old and showed his pluck in that scrap. He was present and shot away all his arrows and wounded two or three of our men. When the fight was about over and the boy had nothing left in his quiver, Frank Cassidy, who now lives in Llano, rode up to where Quanah was crouching, patted his horse on the hip, and motioned the lad to mount up behind him, which the boy did without any hesitation, and from that day to this Quannah Parker has been the white man's friend

After the battle when we had all collected around the captive Indian woman, I was watching her face and her movements. I was satisfied that she was a white woman and there was something about her face that led me to believe that I had seen her somewhere in the past. I studied and studied and finally I said to Ross: "Captain, I believe that woman is Cynthia Ann Parker." On hearing that name the woman seemed suddenly aroused. That stoicism, peculiar to the Indian, and which she had acquired through long association, gave way, the scowl on her face was supplanted by a look of pleasing anticipation, and smiting herself on her breast she said in a strong clear voice: "Me Cynthia Ann!"

In this fight we recaptured forty-eight U. S. mules and some-forty or fifty horses. And among others, we captured the gray mule the one that ran over me the night the Indians got away with Captain Buck Barry's horses.

Cynthia Ann told us, through an interpreter, that Buffalo Hump was six miles up the valley with a large force, but we went to his village and he and his entire outfit had hit the breeze.

Cynthia Ann also told us of the captive boy, whose sister was so cruelly murdered, while another sister was deprived of all her clothing and turned loose. She said the boy was stubborn, that he refused to eat, and would fight every Indian that crossed him, and for this, he was killed the day before we made the attack.

On our return we left Cynthia Ann at Camp Cooper, where the ladies gave her clothing and the tenderest care. Captain Ross took Quanah Parker to Waco.

In conclusion, I want to say that no one particular individual is entitled to more honor in the capture of Cynthia Ann Parker than any other who was engaged in the battle of Pease River and my old comrades yet living, will bear me out in this assertion.

The Southwestern Historical Quarterly.

The current issue of the Southwestern Historical Quarterly. published at Austin, contains an article on "New Mexico and the Sante Fe Expedition" by William Campbell Binckley which throws light on hitherto unknown features of this ill fated adventure. Mexican documents, recently translated, confirm the opinion entertained by Texas, 1840-41, that a large part of the people of New Mexico were ready to welcome commercial and political relations with the new republic.

Dr. Eugene C. Barker's "Notes on the Colonization of Texas" show the vast tide of emigration from the Northeast to the western portions of the United States as early as 1817, but deal especially with the movement to Texas, beginning in 1822. The aspect of the slavery question in its relation to Texas is briefly mentioned.

Harbert Davenport, who, in collaboration with Joseph K. Wells, contributed to the Quarterly, Volume XXII, a paper on "The First Europeans in Texas," presents the first complete English version of the "Narvaez Expedition," by Gonzales Fernandez Oviedo Y. Valdez. It has for its basis, a translation made for the writer by Bernardo Calero.

"The Memoirs of George Bernard Erath, record his services as Congressman, Legislator, surveyor, ranger, major in the Army of the Confederate States, and his reflections on the aftermath of the Civil War. A long, useful life, spent, with slight relaxation, in the public service, until failing sight and hearing compelled retirement.

Three letters from Colonel Guy M. Bryan and one from Rutherford B. Hayes, bring this correspondence down to June 15, 1877.

A Summary of Historical Materials in the Rosenberg Library at Galveston, tells of important documents, recently installed there.

Made Saddle Strings of An Indian's Hide.

Related by D. P. Smith, San Antonio, Texas.

When the first settlers of Southwest Texas began to establish homes on the frontier a great many young men adventurers came out to this country, and among them was one Rube Smith, a dashing, fine looking young fellow, who had a most handsome head of hair and a heavy mustache. It was a deep red, like curls of silk, hanging in ringlets down over his shoulders, and his mustache curled up and hung over his lips. Rube's appearance in this section of the state caught the eyes of many of the young girl in Castroville, Medina county, where he had taken up his residence. Among these there was a young German girl to whom Rube had taken a fancy on account of her being an expert rider and roper of stock. She could dash into a herd and lasso with the best of the boys. The result was that Rube made her this proposition: "Mary, let's get married, and we'll take your two brothers and brother-in-law and go over on the Hondo. We'll get your father's mules and wagon, strike our camp over there, cut timber, build us a little house and corral where we can pen herds and cut out mavericks and brand them with our brand, and in that way get a big start in the cattle business." Mary said that would suit her exactly, and that she would ask her father and mother if it would be all right with them. Her parents readily gave their consent, and the plan suited the boys also, and they agreed to accompany Rube and Mary to the Hondo. The marriage was performed and the little party went to camp. After building the house and pens and getting everything in good shape, Rube and his wife and the three boys would go out on the range every morning and round-up a bunch of cattle, cut out the calves and put their brand on them. In this way they figured they would soon have a good start in the stock business without spending much money.

But the scheme met with a very sad, tragic ending. We used to say to Rube when we met him: "Rube you are going to lose those beautiful locks of hair some time when you least expect it. Those bloodthirsty Comanches are always lurking around waiting to take just such hair." Rube would answer, "No sir. So long as I have my smooth bore rifle and two dragoon sixhooters they will never get me." But alas! our prediction was too true, as the result showed.

In 1863 the Comanche Indians had become very bold and aggressive on account of the absence of so many of our men who had gone into the Confederate service. I never knew or understood why Rube and the two brothers did not enter the war. The boys were in the habit of going out early every morning to make a roundup, and the night before the tragic occurrence Rube hobbled his horse and put a bell on him so he could easily find him the next day, while the boys, who were in camp nearby, staked their horses close to their camp. Early the next morning, just as the moon was setting and it was dark, Rube buckled on his six-shooter and went out bareheaded to bring up his horse, having heard the bell some distance away. He had been gone only a short time when his wife heard the report of his pistol, and then heard him yell, "Indians!" She sprang to the door and told her brothers she heard the pistol, and securing their horses they hurried to his assistance. The bloodthirsty Comanches were cunning and had devised a plan to secure Rube's scalp. They had secured his horse and led him to a clump of bushes, and taking the bell off had tied it to a bush, and left the horse standing where Rube could see him. The band, numbering about thirty-five, including the chief, formed a circle and laid down in the grass to await Rube's coming. One Indian would shake the bush and sound the bell to attract Rube's attention. As he walked into the circle they all sprang at him, and when he saw them he fired his pistol and yelled "Indians." This was his last act. They soon overpowered him and lifted his scalp while he was still alive, then mounted their horses and dashed away. When the boys arrived they found him rolling upon the ground, and carried him to the house but he died just as they entered.

Just at this time Policarpo Rodriguez, with four of his rangers, came up. They had been on the trail of the Indians, whose trail they struck near Bandera the day before, but owing to the fact that the savages had scattered and made sev-

eral trails, the rangers were delayed in arriving over on the Hondo. They had lost the trail above Castroville but picked it up again on the Hondo, arriving just at the time of the death of Rube Smith. Polly Rodriguez, who was a well known ranger and scout in Bandera county, at once took two of his men and went in pursuit. They rode all day, going southwest to the headquarters of the Cascadera, when, about four o'clock in the evening, they discovered the Indians going up the bank of a creek they had crossed. Above this creek was a mott of scattering postoaks. The Indians had nearly reached this mott on the side of a hill, when one of Rodriguez's men, "Seco" Smith, and who at the present time is living at Medina City, said to his captain: "I am going to get the chief of that outfit." Captain Rodriguez reminded him that it would be dangerous to dash ahead of the rest of the party, as Jim Winters had been killed in just that way. but Seco paid no attention to the advice. Putting spurs to his horse he dashed ahead of the other rangers. The Comanche chief, observing the movement, decided to parade a little bravery, and in a bragadocio way waved his warriors to stand still, while he went forward a few steps. Taking Rube Smith's scalp he placed it upon the lance, held it up and shook it at Seco as he came dashing up the hill. The chief had a strap around his left wrist and one above his elbow, which held his shield to his arm. The shield was made of buffalo neck, was over one and a half inches thick and was as slick and hard as a bone. He weilded this shield up and down over his breast so that if a bullet should strike it it would glance off. Seco Smith sprang from his horse, placed his smooth-bore rifle across his saddle, and as the chief brought his shield down he drew a bead and pulled the trigger. The ball hit its mark, cutting a half moon from the top of the shield and bored a hole right through the heart of the savage, who gave a loud "waugh!" and fell to the ground. Every warrior commenced to run and yell except one, who rode up to the fallen chief and said something. As he did this one of the rangers who was trying to keep up with Seco Smith for his protecton, shot the warrior in the shoulder. He was strapped to his horse and did not fall off, and ran to join the other fleeing Indians.

The rangers then held a council and decided to follow the Indians. The two boys took Rube Smith's scalp and returned home and buried the unfortunate man with his scalp restored. At that time I was camped on the Casadero with my company. The following morning I went up to Lycurgus Woods'. He had been given the head dress of feathers, shield, beaded leggins, moccasins, lance, bow, arrows and tomahawk of the chief killed by Seco Smith, and there I saw them. The rangers in pursuit of the Indians came to the Rock Water Hole on the Chicon and there they found the wounded Indian, mentioned above, in the water with a rock tied to his neck. The killing of the cheif put a damper on the Comanches and they were never as bold again.

The following day the boys decided they would skin the dead chief, and they proceeded as if they were skinning a beef. That old Indian's hide was the toughest piece of leather that I have ever seen. From his hips up to his neck the hide was as yellow as a pumpkin. He was tall, fat and very large, weighing probably 250 pounds. After removing the fat from the inside the skin it was as pliable as buckskin or a piece of silk. Some of the boys made riding whips. saddle strings and whip-poppers from it. I got a very large share of the hide and cut it into large and small strips. Even the smallest string was as stout as cat-gut, and when drawn tight would cut into the hand. The old chief's body was left for the buzzards and wolves to devour, and the bones were seen scattered about for several years.

(EDITOR'S NOTE—Captain D. P. Smith, who furnished this sketch, is now living in San Antonio. He is 77 years old, and only a few weeks ago was struck by an automobile and painfully injured. Seco Smith, who is no relation to the narrator, is living at Medina City, and is now 87 years old, but still active and able to attend to his little farm there.)

We would like to receive reminiscent sketches from all of the Texas pioneers. Write your sketch in your own way, giving your experience on the frontier. We will use it in due time.

Single copies of this Magazine, 15c. Yearly subscriptions $1.50.

Pat Garrett Was a Noted Peace Officer.

Pat F. Garrett, was in his day one of the most noted characters of the Southwest. His most famous exploit as a peace officer in the early days when conditions along the border were disturbed and many bad men were abroad, was the killing of "Billy the Kid."

It was while Gen. Lew Wallace, author of "Ben-Hur" was Governor of New Mexico, that Garrett, then a resident of Western Texas, was commissioned to hunt down "Billy the Kid," who was reported to have killed a score of men and who had twice escaped from custody in New Mexico by killing his guards. Garrett learned where a Mexican girl, the sweetheart of "Billy the Kid," resided with her old father, and there lay in wait for the outlaw, who came to the hut about nightfall, unsuspicious of danger. In response to Garrett's command to surrender, "Billy the Kid" reached for his gun but the next instant was shot dead in his tracks.

Following this exploit, which made him famous all along the Southwestern border, Garrett was summoned to New Mexico by the Governor and appointed Sheriff of Dona Ana county to hunt down the slayers of Col. Albert J. Fountain and his 6-year-old son, Col. Fountain resided at Las Cruces, the county seat of Dona Ana, and was general attorney for the Cattleraisers' Association. He had been vigorous in the prosecution of cattle rustlers and was also active in politics. While crossing the plains from Lincoln, N. M., to Las Cruces, Col. Fountain and his little son disappeared and haxe not been heard of to this day.

Evidences of a desperate gun fight near the roadside at a remote spot were discovered and the dismantled buckboard in which the man and the boy were riding, also the horses were afterward located. At that time Dona Ana county was in a state of political turmoil and the effortsof the state officers in endeavoring to discover clews to the Fountain mystery or to make arrests in that conection were greatly hampered. The sheriff of the county, finding his efforts futile, finally agreed to resign and Garrett was appointed to the position for the sole purpose of clearing up the Fountain affair. He worked diligently on the case for about five years and bench warrants were finally issued by United States District Judge Parker of Las Cruces for Oliver M. Lee of Dog Canyon, N. M., and two of his cowboys, charging them with the Fountain murder. Before the warrants could be served Lee and his cowboys disappeared.

Lee and his men finally rode into Las Cruces and surrendered to the District Judge, after which they asked for special guards from among their friends to protect them from supposed danger from unwaranted attack after laying down arms. The trial of Lee and Gilliland at Hillsboro, N. M., resulted in their acquital, there being no positive evidence that Col. Fountain or his son were dead, as their bodies had never been discovered, and the evidence against defendants being purely circumstantial.

About a year after this famous trial, in which he played a conspicuous part, exhibiting coolness in avoiding clashes and difficulties between the havily armed factions when they met in the little mountain town twenty-five miles from a railway, where the trial was held. Garrett was appointed collector of customs at El Paso to succeed Moses Dillon. He held this office for one term of four years, but President Roosevelt declined to reappoint him because of an incident at San Antonio during the Rough Riders' Reunion.

After retiring from office Garrett turned his attention to mining and ranching in New Mexico and Mexico and was a party to a number of large land deals which brought Eastern capital into the country. Garrett was noted for his great nerve and coolness in the face of extreme danger and it is said no man in the Southwest could bring a six-shooter into action with greater celerity than he. He was several inches above 6 feet in height and was extremely slender of build. He was soft spoken in conversation and a man of few words and in his demeanor was at all times inoffensive and quiet. No one on first acquaintance would suspect that he was a man accustomed to deadly hand-to hand affrays with frontier outlaws, but when it came to quelling desperate disturbances or arresting bad men he probably never had a superior as a peace officer.

Garrett was killed in 1908 by a young ranchman named Brazel, near Las Cruces, in a dispute over a ranch lease.

James R. Moss, Pioneer Llano Citizen.

By Henry C. Fulcher in Austin American

J. Fenimore Cooper, out of his vivid imagination perhaps, many years ago, wrote sundry and varied novels concerning the American Indians. They were nice, honorable Indians—except that they were more or less at intercals bent on killing the whites. All in all they were nice, novelistic Indians.

Concerning all of which the aforementioned J. Fenimore Cooper might have been right—but he did not know anything about the Indians in Texas.

Take that from no other than James R. Moss, pioneer Llano citizen, who has seen the Indians of Texas first hand, and who participated in one of the last Indian fights in Texas—the battle of Pack Saddle Mountain. Of the white men who took part in the Pack Saddle fight, a few miles from Llano, only five are living today, James R. Moss, Stephen B. Moss, William B. Moss, all brothers, Dever Harrington, who now lives on the Texas-New Mexico border and Eli Lloyd who lives in Bandera county.

Mr. Moss was born in Fayette county, January 24, 1843, and was reared in in Williamson county where his parents settled four years later. Later he came to this section of the state with his father, settling near Bullhead mountain. Although now 81 years old, he remembers distinctly many of the details of the Packsaddle fight.

On August 5, 1873, a party of Indians, supposed to be Comanches, although Mr. Moss declares that they resembled the Apaches, made a raid on Llano county and carried off several head of horses. A party of pursuers was formed, consisting of Dever Harrington, Robert Brown, Eli Lloyd, Arch Martin, Pink Ayres and the Moss Brothers.

After pursuing the redskins for over 40 miles, the white party came on the savages in camp at noon on the top of Pack Saddle mountain. After looking the situation over carefully, it was discovered that the Indians had passed over a small open space, had pitched their camp on the edge of a bluff, and had left their stock to graze in the open glade, putting themselves between the Indians and their horses, and opened fire.

Though surprised, the Indians gathered their guns and returned the fire, forming at the same time a kind of battle line, and charging the whites twice in an effort to reach the horses. The line was repulsed each time, however and a third line broken up before it had hardly formed under the protection of the timber. One buck, bolder than the rest, advanced alone some distance to the right of the others, and without firing his gun, which he held grasped in an upright position, seemed to make his way to the horses. He came within a few feet of the firing cowmen, then turned and retreated to the timber where he dropped dead, but still clinging to his gun.

About this time three or four Indians started up a chant, and filed off under the bluff, and in a short time nothing more was seen of them. Three bodies of Indians were found, the number of wounded was never known. Four of the whites were more or less wounded, William Moss being shot in the right arm and shoulder, the ball ranging through the breast and coming out the left side. Arch Martin was shot in the left groin; Eli Lloyd had three slight wounds in the arm, and Pink Ayers two balls in the hips. It is estimated that about 20 Indians were in the party.

Mr. Moss recalls another interesting experiences of the early days in Texas. A man by the name of Waler was killed near Bullhead mountain, and a party of white men, including Moss, went to Mason to get aid from troops. The man whom Moss interviewed was General Lee then stationed in Texas. General Lee, then a colonel rfused to allow the Llano citizens to go in pursuit of the Indians, declaring, "I have plenty of men, and you had better go back and protect your homes."

Mr. Moss is one of the oldest stockmen of Llano county, and has been one of the most successful. He owns a ranch of about 9,000 acres located in the southern part of Llano county, which he has stocked with high-grade cattle.

We cannot furnish copies of the first number (October issue) of Frontier Times. Subscriptions will begin with the current number. Our list is growing so rapidly we cannot agree to furnish back numbers.

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The Trail Drivers of Texas.

It was the editor's good pleasure to attend the reunion of the Old Time Trail Drivers of Texas at San Antonio November 2nd and 3rd. About four hundred of the old cowboys were present to greet each other once more. An elaborate program had been prepared and everything done to make the occasion one constant round of pleasure for the men who went "up the trail" with cattle in the early days. A great old fashioned ball was given, where only the old quadrilles, squares, waltzes and schottisches were danced by gray-haired men and women. Members of the association came from New Mexico, Arizona, Texas and other states to attend this reunion. On the last day of the convention a grand barbecue was arranged for the old cowboys. George W. Saunders, founder of the association, was re-elected president for the 10th term. All men who went up the trail or worked with cattle during the early days, are eligible to membership. The dues are one dollar per year. Funds are now being raised to erect a $30,000 monument to the memory of the trail drivers.

Jose Antonio Navarro Was a Patriot.

Navarro county was created in 1846 and named for Jose Antonio Navarro. He was a grand and noble man. His father was from Corsica, but Antonio was born in San Antonio in 1795. In 1834, Antonio was land commissioner for Bexar district and DeWitt's colony, a member of the convention of 1836 and one of the signers of the declaration of Texas independence. He loved Texas and her institutions and was ready to take up arms in her defense. He was in the unfortunate Santa Fe expedition as one of the commissioners and was carried a captive with the balance of the Texans to Mexico and there confined for years. Santa Anna hated him because he was of Spanish origin and a friend of Texas and when the Americans of the expedition were released, the Mexican president kept him in chains in the strong cattle of San Juan d'Ulloa. While he was chained down to a stone floor in the damp, dark dungeon, Santa Anna, in a personal interview, offered to release him if he would renounce all allegiance to Texas and became a citizen of Mexico. The grand old man, with his gray locks damp with dungeon mold, scornfully rejected the proposal and taunted Santa Anna for his perfidy, saying:

"I am a Navarro. No traitor's blood runs in my veins. You can only do your worst with me. I will die chained to the floor before I will for a moment entertain a thought of accepting your insulting proposition."

When Herrera became president, he released Navarro and allowed him to return to Texas. Navarro died in San Antonio in 1870, respected by all who knew him.

ELDER JOHN S. DURST.

It was the writer's good pleasure, on October 21, to drive twenty-five miles to hear a Texas pioneer preach two good sermons. Elder John S. Durst, aged eighty-two years, was the old pioneer who delivered the discourses, and despite the burden of years which he carries, he is still active and in apparent good health. Elder Durst was born in Nacogdoches, Texas, October 20, 1841. He has been a minister in the Church of Christ for more than 60 years. He has been a resident of Junction for more than 40 years, and was county judge of Kimble county for eight years.. In this issue we publish a sketch of his father, Colonel John Durst, who was born in 1797, and was one of the early settlers in Texas. Next month we will give a sketch of the "Runaway-Scrape," written by Brother Durst's mother when she was 77 years old.

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Romance and Tragedy Adorn the Pages of Texas History

FRONTIER TIMES should be used by teachers in every school in Texas, for it contains historical data that is not obtainable in our school histories. Teachers should use it in their class work, by reading the sketches to their pupils, who will find them not only interesting, but instructive as well. We have no boasts to make of the typographical appearance of this little magazine, for we are doing our best to give it the appearance of a magazine printed forty or fifty years ago, but we do claim that its contents are of great value to the student of history and will prove of great aid in giving to the rising generation a knowledge of conditions that existed in Texas a half century ago.

There is no country on the North American continent that can present a more romantic and tragical history than can Texas. From her earliest period there has clustered around her ROMANCE AND TRAGEDY. The records of her early explorers is a story of incomparable Romance, and Tragedy is stamped on every page. Texas was long regarded as a land of mystery, rich in LEGEND, TRADITION and FABLE. Many of her early explorers risked their lives in their persistent search for the fabulous gold of Gran Quivira and the Seven Hills of the Aijados. The search of Ponce de Leon in the swamps of Florida for the Fountain of Youth, presents no more romantic interest than that of Juan de Humana searching for Gran Quivira and of Juan de Zavala in search of El Cerro de la Plata. The heroic action of Captain Smith is no more romantic than that of Angelina, the Indian Maiden, binding the wounds of the French traveller, Belisle. Irving's record of the conquest of Granada presents no more tragical scene than that of Texas colonists wresting an empire from the hands of the Mexican despots. The Spartans of Thermopylae presents no more daring bravery and sacrifice than those of Travis and his companions at the Alamo. The battles of the world do not eclipse for decisiveness the battle of San Jacinto. The butchery of Fannin and his command at Goliad were as cruel and inhuman as any perpetrated during the inquisition. The half vanished memories of the ROMANCE AND TRAGEDY of our State's history are presented by Frontier Times as an enduring monument to the memory of the Texas pioneers who labored, struggled and sacrificed that FREEDOM'S FLAG might forever wave over this fair land of ours.

The editor of Frontier Times is a native of Texas and knows personally many of the men and women whose sketches will appear in these columns. His father, John Warren Hunter, was one of the best historians the state ever produced, and at the time of his death, which occurred at San Angelo in 1915, he was engaged in compiling a history of Texas and her heroes. We have a vast accumulation of historical data—thrilling in the extreme—representing more than thirty-five years' effort in collecting, and we are still gathering data of this kind, which is to be used in Frontier Times, that our boys and girls, the old and young, and future generations, may read of the exploits, adventures, undertakings, and heroic achievements of the men and women who made Texas the wonderful state she is today. Send us a dollar and a half for a year's subscription. Get your neighbor to do likewise, and thus help us to perpetuate the history of our forefathers, that future generations may be inspired by the same lofty courage and patriotism.

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